

# Honour and Vertue, Triumphing over the Grave.

Exemplified in a faire devout Life, and  
Death, adorned with the surviving per-  
fections of EDWARD Lord STAFFORD,  
lately deceased; the last Baron of that Illu-  
strious Family : which Honour in him en-  
ded with as great Lustre as the Sunne  
sets within a serene Skye.

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A Treatise so written, that it is as well applicative to  
all of Noble Extraction, as to him, and wherein are hand-  
led all the Requisites of Honour, together with  
the greatest Morall, and Divine Vertues, and com-  
mended to the practise of the Noble  
Pudent Reader.

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By Anth. Stafford his most humble Kinsman.

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This Worke is much embelisht by the Addition of many  
most Elegant Elegies penned by the most  
acute Wits of these Times.

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1819 AUG 10 OGDEN

1820 SEP 10 OGDEN

1821 OCT 10 OGDEN

1822 NOV 10 OGDEN

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To my much honour'd  
Lord, Thomas Lord Howard, chief  
of the Howards, Earle of Arundell  
and Surrey, Earle Marshall of England,  
Knight of the most Noble Order of the  
Garter, and one of his Majesties  
most Honourable Privy  
Councell, &c.

My very good Lord,

**H**e Fame of your Lord-  
ships Heroick Vertues  
invites me to present to  
your gracious accep-  
tance this Treatise, of  
which Honour is the Theme. Indeed

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

to whom more fitly can shee make her  
addresse, then to your Lordship, through  
whose Veins she runs, from whose Bo-  
som shee flows, in whose Actions shee  
shines, and by whose Protection shee is  
secured from the insolent Affronts of  
the Vulgar ? Being distressed, shee  
makes You her faire Sanctuarie, being  
wounded, she makes you her soveraigne  
Balme. Nay, (which draweth neere  
to a wonder) many put their Honour  
into Your bands, esteeming it more safe  
there, then in their owne. This is the  
first cause of my Dedication; The next  
is, that the true Child of Honour (the  
deplored Subject of this Book) was a  
Debtor to Your Lordship for his E-  
ducation, whose Advancement in Ver-  
tue, Honour, and Estate; You made  
the greatest part of Your Studie. And,

to

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

to say the Truth, where could such a  
Guardian be found for him as Your  
Lordship, since between the renowned  
Ancestours of You both, Vertue, and  
Bloud bath long since engendred a  
strict Friendship, and between whom  
there was a neare similitude of good  
and evill Destiny, both having amply  
shared of Infortunacy, and Glory? I  
may adde, that there cannot be a more  
lovely Sight, then to behold an ancient,  
lofty Cedar sheltring with his Bran-  
ches from the Rage of weather, a  
Young one of the same Kinde, aspiring  
to the same Height; had not the Frost  
of Death, immaturityly nipt this Noble  
Plant, it were an Heresie to doubt that  
he would have flourisht under the care  
of a Lord, whose Vertue is too im-  
mense for one Region to containe, and

A 2      whose

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

whose Perfections are so many, and so  
transcendent, that they are able not only  
to adorn these more Polisht Parts of  
the World, but to civitize also the  
more Barbarous, and to make an A-  
thens of Madagascar. The Oblation  
of my Teares, and Supplications to  
God, not awaiting to keep him here, I  
have sent my Vowes after him, and  
have given him a Funerall Equipage  
consisting of the Testimonies of brave,  
good, and knowing Men, which will  
eternize him on Earth, as his Good-  
nesse will in Heaven. I confess freely,  
I was unwilling to leave him to the  
Mercy of some grossly ignorant Chro-  
nologer of the Times, in whose Rub-  
bish, Posteritie might unhappily have  
found him lying more ruin'd then his  
glorious Predecessours were by the

Ty-

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Tyranny of Time, or the Cruelty of  
Princes. Now in the last place, I  
must most bumbly beseech Your Lord-  
ship to take notice, that his whole Name  
have made an affectionate, but an im-  
prudent Choise of me to be their weak  
Oratour, to render Your Lordship sub-  
missive, and due thanks for the Good  
You did, or intended him, and withall  
to make You a Religious Promise of  
their Prayers to God, and their Pray-  
ses; to Men, as in particular, I doe of  
the vowed faithfull service of*

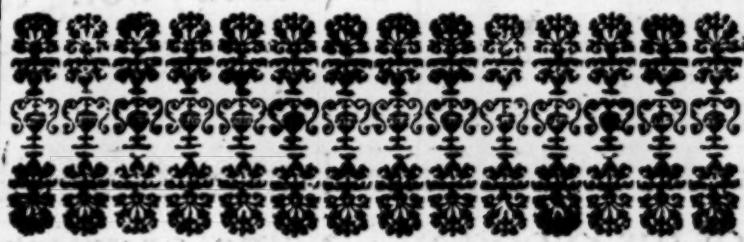
Your Lordships most humble,  
loyall Servant,

*Anthony Stafford.*

12.12.2020 3:30 PM

June 18, 1912

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To the Vertuous,  
and excellent Lady,  
the Countesse of  
Arundell.

M A D A M;

**H**E causes why I make this Dedication apart to Your Ladyship, are divers. The first is, that sweete Lord (the lamented Subject of this Booke) in whose praise, my Muse ending, will expire like a *Phœnix* in a Perfume.

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

fume. Hee was extreamly oblig'd to Your Ladyship in particular; and therefore You deserve particular and infinite thankes from all of his Blood and Name, of which I am one, who have ever had your Vertues in admiration. The second is, that You, Madam, are none of those *Romance* Ladyes, who make Fiction and Folly their Study and Discourse, and appeare wise onely to Fooles, and Fooles to the wile. By reading nothing else but Vanity, they become nothing else themselves. They make a more diligent enquiry after the deedes of Knights, and Ladies errant, than after the Acts of Christ and his Apostles. The losse of their time is their just punishment, <sup>in</sup> that

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that they spend a whole Life in reading much , and yet is that much, nothing. But you, Madam, are capable of the most profound grave Misteries of Religion, and daily peruse and meditate Bookes of Devotion. You despise the bold Adventures of those Female Follies, and piously surveigh the lives of the Female Saints. You have render'd your selfe a most accom- plishid Lady on Earth, by imita- ting our blessed Lady which is in Heaven ; who as she was here the first Saint of the Militant *Church*, so is she there, the first of the *Church* Triumphant ; having learn't that she spent al her houres in works of Charity , you trace her steps, knowing that Shee, and Virtue,

noisome

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## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

trod but one path. Hence it comes, that you are at no time so angry, as with the losse of an opportunity to succour the distressed; and that you are as indefatigable in doing good as heaven in motion. Hence it is, that the impetuous force of a Torrent may be as well stopped, as the constant flood of your goodness; which never stayes till it have water'd, and reliev'd all within its Ken, commendable either for Knowledge, or Vertue. My third, and last scope in placing your Character in the Front of this Treatise is, that like a Starre it may strike a blisse throughout this Brooke, and by its light chafe away the darknesse Oblivion would else cast upon it.  
Question-

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Questionlesse it will breed a holy emulation in any of your Sexe, who shall here learne that there is a Lady, whose vertues are come to the Age of Consistence, and can grow no further; and from whom, not only her posterity, but her Ancestors, also receive honour; They, in this resembling the Morne, who though she precedes the Sun, receives her splendour from him. Thus sweet, thus excellent, Madam, I have received you from those who have beene truly happy in being daily witnesses of all your Words and Actions. I conclude with this protestation made in me by Truth her selfe, that I am so constant an honourer (I had almost said an Adorer) of

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Vertue where ever I finde it, especially when that inestimable Diamond is set in Honour (as it is in you, Madam) that should I round the World in your Ladyships service, I should esteeme it a Voyage far short of Your Merit, and my Duty; and that I should not think the highest Title Imagination can reare, a greater addition to me, than is the submissive stile of

*Your Ladyships most*

*bumble loyall Servant,*

**ANTHONY**

**STAFFORD.**

**To**

To the noble Reader.

**B**Y古事記 Thath beene the manner of  
Ancient Timis to commend  
their Dead, rather to testi-  
fie a good affection, to be-  
waile their losse, and to hold  
out the Lampe of their ver-  
tuous Lives to others left behind, then to gra-  
tifie the deceased. Thus David commended  
Saul and Abner, Elizaeus Elias, and Na-  
zianzen Bazill; But bewailed Malachic,  
complaining that his very bowels were pulled  
from him. And I may truly averre that Death  
tore out my Heart, when hee bereft me of that  
sweetest Lord, of whose rare Gifts and Graces  
this ensuing Discourse is composed. That I de-  
ferr'd till now to doe him this right, and to  
administer comfort to his vertuous Mother,  
and the rest of his Noble and deare Friends,

(who

## To the Reader.

(who still keepe warme his Ashes with their Teares) was for a wise consideration, no base neglect. A green wound abhorrers the hand of the Surgeon, which after it patiently endures, nay, longingly expects: In like case, the Griefs of the minde, being newly entred, are not easily expelled, but at first reject all consolation given them; whereas afterward they become obedient to Reason, and readily admit of those Remedies, which at first they refused. There are so many reasons comprehended in this following Treatise, why his Friends Should not grieve too immoderately for him, that I will onely here adde this, that they should not too violently lament his departure out of a World where Vice is naturall, Virtue but counterfeited, or at the best well acted. Here wee discover her, but through a Cloud. Let them apply that usuall saying of the Rabbies to their sad soules, The godly even in their Death are alive, but the wicked in their Life are dead; If a Heathen could boldly sperre, Nunc Epaminondas vcller nascitur quia sic moriur: In so dying your Epaminondas is now reborne, may not we wish greater

CON-

## To the Reader. T

confidence affirme the same of him.

(Though much of the excellent subiect, now to  
the Workes it selfe. In this Age of feruite in  
Corriars, barren of Sydneys and Raleighs.)  
that Books must come into the World with a  
good Angell to defend it from escaper the severe  
censures of malevolent spirity, with whom it  
is a wicked custome to damne by Tradition, and  
traduce Authors before they peruse them. As  
Cankers commonly cleave to those Roses which  
are best grown, and spread: So these envious  
Detractours commonly fasten their venomous  
Teeth on Works, to which Fame promiseth E-  
ternitie. This ought not to deterre Good and  
Knowing Men from publishing their Labours;  
who herein shoule imitate the Sunne, which  
(though the Atheist, and the Impious, are un-  
worthy of his Light) shines forth still, and  
with his Beames gladdes the Earth, and all the  
Movers on it. The onely Recompence I desire  
of my ingenious Readers is, that they would  
vouchsafe not to reade this Treatise out, but  
that they would be pleased in imitation of the  
Sortes Virgilianæ to take the Staffordian  
Lot, that is, to practise in their lives the first

## To the Reader.

Page Chance shall direct them to, in the opening of it; since there is not one in this Worke which containes not some lovely Vertue or other of that deare Lord deceased: by enlarging of whose Fame, I have taken the Adyantage to render my owne lesse obscure. This small favour I hope my Noble Readers will not denie their Servant,

A. S.

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## HONOVR AND VERTUE,

### Triumphing over the Grave : Or the life of the

late Lord Stafford.

**N**one of Wisdomes Children will either despaire , or be confident of any thing in this inferiour World , all things are subject to such a strange Revolution. Wee often see the money destind to set out a Triumph imployed in furnishing a Funerall, and the purple, together with these great preparations turned into Balmes , Blackes, and Cypress. *Pluto* sometimes snatcheth *Hymens* Torch out of his hand, and leads the new linked couple

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couple from the Bridall Bed into his solitary Vault. Nay, it hath been recorded that an Execution hath bin chang'd into a Coronation, and a Scaffold built for a Delinquency, hath become a Throne of Glory. Wee have many certain signes of Danger and Sicknesse, none of Security, there being in one part, or other daily examples of men that die, singing, laughing, eating, and drinking. The strongest Humane Fabricke Nature ever built, a crumme going down awry destroyes. Force and Chance take away the Yong, and Maturity the Old. Nothing visible that is not mortall, no Object hath sense lesse fading then it selfe. The generall Tide washeth all passengers to the same shore, some sooner, some later, but all at the last. Every man must take his course, when it comes, never fearing a thing so necessary, yet always expecting a thing sountaine. Our Intemperancy prepares a Feast for Death, and is therefore called the Mother of Physicians. This goodly Tree of Life is sun charg'd with Fruit, some fall by clatters, some single, all once. Every thing riseth with the Condition of a Fall, and all Eucreaseth have their Diminutions. This is the firme Bond that compassest, and girdeth fast the Bandes of Mortalitie, *Dust thou art, and to dust thou shal returne.* That all this is true the Noble Subject of this Book is a faire, yet sad Example, much to be lamented because much to be admir'd, of whose somthing I must speak, though it come as short of his inestimable Worth, as I doe of an accomplish'd

Ora-

Oratour. And here I must crave pardon of the judicious Reader, if I draw not his perfections to the life. My Apologie may be a just complaint that my stile is fetter'd by the idle Censures of Schismatical Fools, whose purblind souls can-not discerne betwenee a fawning Flattery and a due prayse, who haue hardly language good e-nough to make themselves understood, much lesse to perswade others, except it be never to read them againe. I could without the aide of any Rhetoricke at all, pen one of their dimme foggy Lines, wherein there is nothing considerable, that I would not reduce into a poesie for a Ring, so that they might weare their own storiy on what finger they please. But there are more then humane helps required to give a Heröe his true Character, whose magnanituous soule harbours not a thought small enough to enter into their narrow, passive brains. As in the Ancient Sacrifices, it was not lawfull to kindle the Altars of the Gods with any materiall comtnon Fire, but with the pure Rayes of the glorious Sun: So a divine flame is required to illuminate that Spirit which undertakes to characterise the soules of great and eminent Men. I confesse, freely, the wings of my invention flag, and are not able to beare her to the Summity of her towring sub-ject. It is a received opinion, that Wit increaseth Griefe, and Griefe Wit. I finde the former part of this Tenent true; for that small proportion of Wit Nature hath given me, turns to my disadvantage, in that it makes mee too appre-

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hensive of his worth, and consequently of his losse ; but the later I prove in my selfe to be false, for now the charming Eloquence of *Anthony*, *Crassus*, and *Cicero* is required to limme this rare Piece, a stupifying Dulnesse seizeth on mee , and the very Knowledge of what I have to write distracts me, so I know not what to write. And yet this is no wonder at all ; for my best bloud being lost in him , my worser remayning must needs chill, and no man is ignorant, that where there is not *Focns in Venis* , there cannot be *Subtilitas in Intellectu* : When *Warmth* forsakes the *Veines*, *Subtily* must of necessity abandon the Head. Yet were I master of as great an eloquence as *Demosthenes* himselfe, my best words could not give his Vertues a clothing correspondent to their lustre. The most skilfull Painter cannot give a Picture all the lively Graces contained in the Naturall, from which it is drawne ; Nor can the most expert Oratour fully, and truly delineate the Beaultie of an Originall so sublime that it transcends his Understanding. As it is more easie to tell what is not in Heaven then what is : So it is by farre more facile to number the Vices which hee had not, then the Excellencies of which hee was the happy possessor. But because in great Designes, even attempts are laudable, and that by many, this Testimony of my Duty is look'd for at my hands, I am content to take the advantage though of a most unhappy, and unwelcome occasion to seale up my former Affection, and publish to the World the damage I have received

ceived by this fatall Deprivation, nor I alone but all his Stock, and all the lovely Brood of Honor, and Pietie. And I now opportunely choose to make this Oblation to his Memory. *Quando nec laudantē adulatio movet, nec laudatū tentat elatio; When neither Flattery moveth me, nor vain-glory assaileth him.* My comfort is, I have chosen a Theam where (to some judgments) the highest Hyperboles wil passe for defective Truths. Sure I am, I need not feare to out-speake his merit and my love, w<sup>ch</sup> ought to be so much that it cannot possibly appeare too much. I dare tell Envie and Detraction to their Teeth, that prayse justly belongs to the pious deceased, & that I may cal it, with *Pliny*, the charitable Dew that makes Virtue spring up in the Living. Who knowes my friends better then I my selfe? If they are not such as I make them, sure I am, I believe them such. No Crowne can give mee such content as does this comfortable errour, for such captious Criticks will tearm it, though in my belief it be an upright and impartiall Veritie.

Before I enter into his commendations, I must entreat all my Readers to consider that (besides the fore-mention'd Obstacle) there is yet another, which is that my Pen is too straitly confin'd, the bounds afforded her not being large enough to make a Demonstration of her Agilitie, and Sufficiencie; for Obstinacie her selfe can not deny that (mans Life being but a Span) Shee hath little more then an Inch allotted her to traverse in, he dying at the Age of Fourteen. Shee

must therefore be enforced onely to draw in a small Card the first Spring of his Youth newly deliver'd of such beautifull Issues commendable both for their Ornament and Odour, as are able to commit a Rape on all knowing Soules, and to send out a perfume as farre as Posteritie. Had he he arriv'd at the Autumne of his Age, shee had then beeene Mistris of a Field large enough to exercise her Art in, and shee would have presented the Surveyghers of this Worke with as Beautifull Fruit as the large, spreading Tree of Honour ever bore. Wee might well divine of him, as *Antigonus did of Pyrrhus*, *Magnus futurus si sonesceret*. Hee would prove great, if Aged.

*The common Method in handling matters of this nature commands me to make the first part of this Discourse the place of his Birth, the Nobilitie of his Race, and Disposition, and to continue and close it up with the Vertues practised in his Life, and the Sanctity expreffed in his Death.*

Where a worthy man of a faire Line is born, and bred is necessary to be knowne.

IN setting downe the place of his Birth I shall follow the usall course of others who hold it a Circumstance very necessary to make knowne where a worthy man, and of a faire Line is born, and bred, in that it is not the Fertility and Beauty of the Soile, but the manners, and goodnesse of the Dwellers that commend the place. True it is that *Isaac commands Jacob* that hee should not

not take a wife of the Land of Canaan, but of Mesopotamia in Syria, being more renown'd. I must not thwart the Scriptures, nor denie that some countries are more famous then others, but I desire to know whether, or no the Braverie of their Inhabitants have not conferr'd on them the Renowme they are so big with. What made Greece the Wonder of the World, but the Learning, and Valour of her people? What makes her now the contempt of all men but the Basenne, Dalnesse, and Cowardise of the same? What once was Ireland but another Gosen? There was a time when the people of this Country being asked how they had dispos'd of their sonnes, their Ordinary Reply was, *Mandati sunt ad Disciplinam in Hiberniam, They are sent into Ireland to be instructed.* Within the remembrance of many, the Americans are not at this day more barbarous, then were the more Northerne Natives of that Iland, though now (Heaven be praysed) they have alroft quite shaken of the cumbersome shackles of that Cymrian Ignorance. I infinitely applaud the speech of Aristotle to a vain-glorious Fellow, who boasted himselfe a Citizen of a mighty Citie, *Noli, inquit, hoc attendere, sed in dignitate magna & illustri Patria: Have not I done, said he, to the splendor of thy Country, but to thy own Worth, and examine whether thou deservest to be derived thence.* So that wee see there is no Climate so obscure that is not illustrated by the Birth of meritorious

rious men. Had Sir *Philip Sidney* written his Poem, or Sir *Walter Raleigh* his History amongst the Savages of *America* in *Greeke* or *Latine*, I am confident all succeeding Authours would have nam'd *America* as often as now they doe *Rome*, or *Athens*, and those rude creatures would have received an imputative worth from them, whereas now they are in little, or nothing to be distinguish'd from their Cattell. Or had they penn'd those their immortall Workes in the *Indian Tongue* (after once they had come to light) wee should have studied that unpolish'd Language as hard, as now wee do the Orientall Dialects. Did not a *Gaditanian* come from the farthest part of the World to see the farre fam'd *Livie*?

I will here cut off this no impertinent Digression, with relating that this hopefull young Lord breath'd his first Aire at Stafford, which Towne and Country the memory of him will for ever commend, ennable, andendeare to all such as profess themselves friends to him, or Goodnesse.

Before I begin to speake of the Antiquity of his Family, I must necessarily insert somthing of noble Extractions in generall, because there are some clownish Infidels who believing there is no such thing as a Gentleman.

That

That in all Ages, and Nations the more Worthy have beeene distinguis'h'd from the rest by Superior Titles, and callings is undenieable. The Hebrews sever'd them from others by stiling them *Jeduum, Horion, Scalibim, Scheliscim, Avarim, Massegauim, Artslim, Maginim, Guetirim, Guibborim, Nedivim, Keruim, Abbaschedappennim*, by which is signified in the propriety of that Language, that they are Illustrious, Generous, Principall Men, not much inferiour to Kings. But they were most honour'd who were descended from the greatest Houses, and these they named *Benborim*, Children of Noblemen. Moses Governour of *Israel*, to the end he might rule the people well, and worthily, selected seventy Men of Eminent Condition, *Hachamim*, and *Jeduum*, Wise, and Noble men well vers'd in Affaires of State. And *Joshah* his Successour added others of the same qualitie. Men of Honorable Bloud have ever been held to be of Royall Condition, and reverenc'd as little Kings, because them in severall Provinces their Princes have graced with great Titles, Priviledges, and Prerogatives, and on them have conferr'd their Regall Authoritie, that by this meanes they might be more reverenc'd, and obey'd by the people whom under them they were to govern. There is no man, saith *Livy*, so stupid, that bee is not enflamed with a Desire of Domesticall Glory. The words of the same Author in another place are these. *Parentage and Nabilite* are great Or-

it is here proved against all clownish Infidels, that there is such a thing as a Gentleman.

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naments, doubtlesse, for a man to enjoy here in this life, but farre greater to leave behinde him to his Postcerty. Harken to Cicero, *Omnis boni semper Nobilitati favemus, & quia Republicæ utile est Nobiles esse homines dignos Majoribus suis, & quia valere debet apud nos senex clarorum hominum de Republica meritorum memoria, etiam mortuorum:* All we who are goodever favour Nobility, because it is a thing profitable to the Common-wealth to have men worthy of their Ancestors, as also that the aged Memory of famous Men deserving well of the Common-wealth (though dead) ought to be in esteem with us. Plato divides Nobility into foure parts. The first are they who derive themselves from good, and just parents. The second have Princes their Ancestors. The third are they whose Progenitors have been great Warricours, and Lawtreated Triumphers. The fourth and best, are they who excell in Magnanimitie, and Greatnesse of Merit. And truly I am of Plato's minde; for though I am a never yielding Advocate for men of remarkable Stocks, yet I believe not that Honour is confined to run in certain particular Channels, or that the Rationall Soule should be bound to the same Lawes with the Vegetative, or Sensible. Where Nobility is onely *Nuda Relatio, a meare bare Relation,* and nothing else I esteeme it, not a Grace, but a Disparagement. I shall never seeke for that Fruit in the Root which I should gather from the Branch. Virtue is the legitimate Mother of Ho-

Honour, not Fortune, who, though shee be a Queene, many times imitates unhappily some of her owne Ranke in suffering her selfe to be enjoy'd by Groomes, and fixeth there her Admition where the World placeth its Derision. Him whom Vice, and Ignorance doth still detain prisoner in the Heard of the Vulgar, if by his own vertuous actions hee cannot separate himselfe from them, my Vote, nor Judgement shall ever give him Freedome. In this I am seconded by no worse a man then the most Eloquent Demosthenes. *De Nobilitate parum laudis prædicare possum, bonus enim Vir mihi Nobilis videtur, qui verò non justus est licet Patre meliore quam Jupiter sit genus Ducat Ignobilis mihi videtur.* Nobility I cannot much predicate; Hee who is a good man appeareth to mee noble; Hee who is not Iust (though hee derive himselfe from a better parent then Jupiter himselfe) seemes to mee Ignoble. The French usually say, *Le Splendeur de Vertu la Noblesse de Race:* The Splendour of Virtue is the Nobility of Race.

I am not ignorant that the Censure and Custome of many Kingdomes are against mee, where all men have respect, and precedencie given them by their great parentage, not their good parts. But above all other, the Dane is the most strict Observer of Descent. In Denmarke he is not ranked amongst the Gentry, who cannot prove him *Een Herremand auff Seisten Aufner,* A Gentleman of sixteene Descents by Fa-

Amongst all Nations the Dane is the greatest Adorer of Nobilitie.

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rher and Mother. At all Triumphs, and Tiltings it is proclaim'd, that hee who is not such must not presume to handle a Sword or Lance, or enter into the *Lists*. Nay, it is most certaine, that at those great Solemnities they have excepted against some base sonnes of their owne Kings defective in Bloud by the Mothers side, and would hardly be pacified by their Princes answer, which was, that what honour was wanting on the Mothers side was superabounding on the Fathers. In the Raigne of *Fredericke the Second King of Denmarke*, there lived a most learned Man named *Erasmus Letus*, who for his Science, and pleasing Discourse, was admitted into the best Companies, and had an eminent place at all Tables. Hee proud of his high value, and ambitious of higher, travell'd to *Venice*, and was there created a *Venetian Knight*, and in coming backe was, made Poet Laureat by *Cæsars* own hand. The first Table hee came to after his return home was the Chancellour of that Kingdome, who plac'd him lowest of all his Guests, not sticking openly to tell him that the Reverence, and Superiority which before was given him as a profound Scholar, was now denied him as a Superficiall Gentleman. If in that Kingdome an ignoble man deflowre a noble Maid, his head is infallibly cut off, and shee lives, and dies shut up betweene two Walls. If any woman gently borne marry a *Roturier*, (as the French call him) with us a Peasant, she is deprived of her portion,

and

and never taken notice of afterward by any of her Kinred. In some places of Poland a gentleman hath this priviledge that if hee kill a Burger, a Hind, or any other ordinary man by paying downe foure shillings he is quit.

I abhorre this foolish strictnesse, and severity, yet could wish we were not as carelesse this way, as they were punctuall, our Tables then would not be so throng'd with Farme, and shop-Gentry. The Ancient Romans in this case excluded *omnem quantum, All manner of gaine.* If my Vote might passe for good, all originalls of great Families hereafter should issue out of Schooles and Campes, there being no other beginning of power to warrant them from censure and laughter. A true testimony of this I will give you in *Pallas Freeman*, of *Clandins* the Emperour, a servant as Worthy, as his Master Wife. You shall see an Emperour, and a Senate of *Rome* (Lords of the World) conspire and combine to eternize this *Pallas*, and to set him up a marke of greatness, and glory to all succeeding Ages. The Senate presented this abject fellow with the Praetorian Dignity, and 150 Sesterces, the former of which he tooke, the later hee refused. They assemble together on purpose, and humbly thanke this softish Prince for this his servile Favourite, in that he had vouchsafed to commend him to the Senate, and by that gave them occasion of shewing him a reward answerable to his merit. Upon his rejecting this their

pecuniary offer, they flocke againe to the Emperour, imbrace his knees, and submissively beseech him to perswade *Pallas* to accept of their gift, which supplication of theirs, this foolish Emperour presented to *Pallas*. Behold an Emperour, and a Senate, saith *Pliny*, contending for superiority in slavery. You would have thought by this their so frequent conventing before Cæsar, that either the Confines of the Empire had beene enlarged, or the Armies had return'd in safety. Within the first stome of the Tiburtine way they builthim a Monument with this Inscription. *Huic Senatus at fidem<sup>1</sup>, pietatemque erga Patronos Ornamenta Prætoria decrevit, & Sester-tium centies Quinquagies, cuius honore contentus fuit.* On this man for his Faith and Piety to his Patrons, the Senate conferr'd the Prætorian Ornaments, and presented him with 150. Sesterces, but he contented himselfe with the Honour onely. The excellent *Pliny* repines so much at the grace and honour done this *Furcifer* (for so he calls him) that he breaks out into this bitternessesse of Speech. This mancipated Senate, saith he, stiled that modesty in him, which, indeed was Insolency. How I applaud my fortune, that I liv'd not in their Times, in whose behalfe I blush so many yeares after their committing of this base folly. But why should wee repine at this? Rather let us laugh, that they may not thinke they have made any great purchase who are come to that degree of happiness, as to be langhed at. By this one Example

Example we may clearely perceive, that it is not in the potency of Princes to create a never fading honour, that supreame blessing being in the gift of Vertue onely.

That the originall of true Nobility is not deriv'd from any accidentall good flowing from Fortune, or Linage, but receives its birth, and growth from the ability, and Harmony of a vertuous Mind, I will both by reason and example demonstrate.

By reason; for if solid and ligitimate Nobility depended so on the will and beck of Fortune, that she could circumscribe the markes, and Ensignes of Honour within the narrow compasse of the womb, & give, and take them away at her pleasure, there would be nothing left in the spacious circumference of this earthly Globe for a Wise man to desire, who knowing Fortune to be so changeable, that some of the Ancients used to make her Statues of Glasse, as an argument of her fragillity, and even then suspecting, and fearing her when she most fawnes on him, placeth not his confidence at all on her, but involves himselfe within his owne vertue, which onely can secure him from her tyranny. What ever is in her possession he scornes, though hee may have it for the ferching, because she is so blinde that she cannot penetrate into his worth, and so base that shee lodgeth oftner and longer with the ignorant and infamous, than with the more deserving and more knowing. Hee smiles

A never fading Honour is not the gift of Fortune, but of Vertue.

It is here proved by reason that Nobility depends not on the will of Fortune.

Nothing is  
more remote  
from the na-  
ture of true  
Nobility,  
than an anci-  
ent stocke  
void of vertue

smiles at their arrogancy and pride, who upon an idle perswasion grounded on their Nobility, pre-  
sume to take place of others, whereas, indeed, nothing is more vaine, abject, and more remote from the nature of true Nobility, than an anci-  
ent stocke void of vertue. The judgements of *Plato*, and *Seneca* will here bee inserted opportunely, who affirme that if we be inquisitive af-  
ter Pedigrees we shall finde that there is no slave who is not sprung from mighty Kings; nor no King that is not descended from despicable  
slaves. By which we may apparantly see that it  
is not greatness of Blood, but of Merit, that  
really dignifies any man. For my owne part, I  
seriously protest, I should glory more in being  
the happy Master of the lafty minde, and low  
Extraction of undaunted *Marius*, than in enjoy-  
ing all the vast Dominions of *Tarsytha*, and *Sar-  
danapalus*, together with the innumerable splen-  
dient Images of their Ancestors. That *Alex-  
ander* the Great was truly Noble, no man will  
deny, in that he was sonne to so puissant a Mo-  
narch as *Philip* King of *Macedon*: yet was he  
so farre from being puffed up with any vaine-  
glorious conceite of his royll descent, that *Plu-  
tarch* upon his credit assures us, he being yet a  
Child, repined at nothing so much as at his Fa-  
thers glorious Actions. To this purpose is re-  
markable that passage betweene him and other  
Children, who alledging to him his happineffe  
in being sonne to so brave a Prince, that made  
such

such large Conquests, and onely for him) received from him this magnanimous answer. *What bootes it me to posseſſe much, when I my ſelfe have done nothing memorable? So prosperous a ſuccesse attends all my Fathers Enterprizes, that hee will leave me nothing to Conquer.* O generous ſpeech proceeding from a high aspiring minde, deferredly destin'd to Conquer, and governe this lower Hemispheare. Me thinkes I heare him thus enlarge his reply. *Hath my Father in one night deflowred both Fame and victory, and extorted from them a vow never hereafter to waite on any but him? Shall I then live like a Plant, and onely grow to ſtand ſtill? Sloth is the common Nurse to all Vices, and in learning nothing, we leарne to doe ill. I like the Customē of that Nation who ſuffered not their Children to be taught any thing fitting, and alwaies ſacrific'd to the gods the laſt Commer to the Army. Barre mee Motion, and action, and conclude mee a Trunke, not a Man. Shall I lyē ſtill imprifon'd within the Straights of my owne Greece? No, I am resolv'd not onely to trace my Sire, but to out-goe him. I will have this maſſie Globe meaſur'd, that I may ſee how much is left for me to overcome. The Sunne ſhall not diſcover more then I will Conquer, onely I would not ſo ſoone vanquish as he ſurveighs, leſt my Valour ſhould want employmēnt.* Of the ſame thred with this opinion of Alexander, is that of Lycus in Seneca's Hercule furente.

*Nobiles non sunt mibi  
Avi, nec altis inclytum titulis Genus,  
Sed clara virtus. Qui Genus jactat suum  
Aliena laudat.*

It is here by example confirmed that Descent is no sound Argument of true Nobility.

It resteth now, that I confirme by Example what I have proved by Reason, that Descent is no sound Argument of true Nobility. The truth of this, the very consideration of the inconstancy of humaine affaires will assure us, in that the Presidents are most frequent of men this day prostrate, and the scorne of all men, to morrow exalted, and their very nods observed.

If wee looke backe upon old *Rome* wee shall quickly perceive, that not long after shee was built, many obscure men became her Rulers. Who knowes not that *Tarquinius Priscus*, one of her most famous Kings, had for his Parents a banish'd Merchant, and a servile Woman? Was not *Servius Tullius* the sonne of a meane fellow, and a Maid servant? Was not the birth of *Tullius Hostilius*, who preceeded both these in the Empire, very meane, he having beene in his Nonage sometimes a Neatheard, sometimes a Shepheard? Now let us come to the *Cæsars* themselves, and examine whether or no they were of more renowned extraction than their Kings. *Augustus* himselfe whose Greatnesse and Happinesse grew to a Proverbe, (*Sic Augusto felicior, Trajano melior*) and whose surname at this

this day the *German* Emperours with pride usurpe, shutting up all their Titles with *Semper Augustus, ever Augustus*) was not his Grandfather a Silver-smith, and his Father an *Astipulator*? Both which *Cicero* writing to his brother *Quintus* avoucheth to have obtain'd the Quaestorship by supplication. What other Founder of his Stocke had *Kirellius* than a Libertine, or Freed man, whom *Cassius Severus*, and many others maintaine to have beeene no better than a Tayler. *Trajan*, the best of all the *Cesars* (in whose Reigne the Mappe of the *Roman Empire* was at the fairest) swamme at first in no Flood of Fortune, and that hee was of no great House. *Nerva* himselfe inferres, who when he design'd him Emperour, and commended him to the Senate, bade them looke into the mans merit, not his parentage. *Pertinax* none of their worst Emperours had a slave to his Grandfather, and a freed man to his Father. *Piscenninus Niger*, no bad Prince, had no better a beginning. *Opilius Macrinus*, was first a Servant, then a Freed man. *Galienus*, *Posthumus Lolienus*, and *Martius*, whose Reigne continued but three dayes, could not glory much in their Pedigrees, the later of which was but a Smith. *Galerius* had poore Country parents, and he himselfe was an Armorour, and from thence got the surname of *Armentarius*. Of the same poore condition were *Maximinus*, *Pupienus*, and *Balbinus*, his co-Regnatur. The vertuous *Aurelius* was born

meanly

meanly. The Father of the most accomplish'd *Probus* was a Gardner, yet was hee Lord of so many perfections, that *Valerius* the Emperour earnestly by Letters exhorted his Sonne *Gallenus* to imitate him in all things, using often to say by the way of Allusion to his Name, that if his Cognomen had not beene *Probus* his Prenomen should have beene such. *Bonosus* rose from a Schoole-master to be an Emperour. *Dioclesian* was the Sonne of a Notary. *Licinius*, and *Maximinianus*, *Entropius*, and *Paulus Orosius*, number amongst the Plebeians. The Father of the Emperour *Valentinianus* was a Rope-maker, whence he himselfe got the nickname of *Funerarius*. *Justininus* was but an Armorour. I must not omit *Basilius* the *Macedonian*, who being brought Captive amongst other vendible slaves to *Constantinople* was there created Emperour. I cannot passe over *Abdolominus*, or, as some wil have him call'd *Abacdonius*, who was brought by *Alexander* from drawing water, and watering Gardens, and by him made King of *Sidonia*, to to the eternall dishonour of all the discontented Nobility of that Countrey. Nor must I conceale *Antipater*, the succeder of *Alexander* in the Kingdome of *Macedonia*, who was Nephew to a she Player, that acted the Clownes part. *Ar-saces*, King of the *Parthians*, is reported to have beene the sonne of the people. The Parents of *Cambyses*, King of the *Perſians* were of poor condition. *Darius* the sonne of *Hystaspes*, who bore

bore no better an Office under *Cyrus* then that of a Serjant, was exalted to be King of the *Perſians*, and was the firſt of that Name. Here I muſt introduce the Father of *Eumenes* carrying of burthens, and *Telephanes*, who being but a base Coachmaker, obtained the *Lydian* Crowne. I cannot but iſert *Mydas*, who by the *Phrygians* was called from the Cart to be their King, and *Ptolomeus* who made ſo large a Step, as from being a common Souldier to be crowned King of *Egypt*. *Tyridates* clome from a ſervant to be King of the *Parthians*. *Livy* informes us, that *Vetius Messius* King of the *Volscians*, was more commendable for his Deeds then his Birth. Who is ignorant that *Parrhasius*, and *Lycastus* (being expoſed by their Mother to the mercie of the weather, and wilde beasts) were found, and brought up by *Tilliphus* a Shepherd, and afterwards governed *Arcadia*. That the Sheptierd and Hog-heard *Tamberlaine* was afterward King of the *Scythians*, is obvious to every mans knowledge. I will here make a holy conclusion with *David*, and *Saul*, whom God himſelfe withdrew, the one from following the Ews, the other from following the Asses, to rule over the *Hebreys*.

Notwithſtanding all theſe fore-mentioned Presidents, I would not have any man conceiue me to be ſo ſimple, that I believe not two good things together are better then one ſingle, that *Desert*, and *Noble Bloud* conjoyn'd, farre outſhine solitary Merit. As the pureſt bloud al-

Honour and  
Vertue con-  
joyned, out-  
ſhine solitary  
Merit.

wayes resorts to the Heart as the first liver, and the last dier, and the noblest part of the Body : so for the most part Perfections and Graces, as the Requisites of Honour, make their repaire to the more Honourable of Mankinde. Abortion sounds not so strangely in our eares as degenerating, because the former is cōmon, the later not. We not very often, see any man of a Noble strain in whom we detect not some Impression, some seeds of his Parents worth, which in time spring up, bud, and flourish in him. Lightly, he who is well borne ponders with himselfe whether or no, his Predecessours acquired their Dignitie by Arts, or Armes, which once knowne he seeks by the same meanes at least to preserve, if not to increase the Honour they have left him.

*Arts & Arms  
should be the  
study of the  
more Noble.*

If our Hodiernall Nobility would spend some time in this Meditation, and diligently exercise themselves both in Letters, and Armes, their Honour would not be assail'd on all sides by the Vulgar as at this day it is, and it would no longer appeare as in some it does, a meete shadow of a consumed Body. The Emperour *Adrian* Successour both in the Empire, and Vertue to *Trajan*, (equally an Enemy to Vice, and Sloth) used to say, that it was not detent to see a young Gentleman without a Book in one hand to teach him Wisdome, and a Sword in the other to defend the same against all *Barbarians* whatsoever. So amiable was the Conjunction of both these in his sight, that he did never eat without two standing

ding by him of severall Abilities, one to discourse to him of the secrets of Nature, the other of Stratagems of Warre. And that this was the Custome of the other Emperours, appeares by the two Masters of *Nero*, *Burrhus*, and *Seneca*, the one a Martialist, the other a Philosopher. *Charlemaine*, *Lewis the Debonaire*, Saint *Lewis* and others had them in such esteeme, that they held the joyning of them together as necessary, as the linking of the Husband, and the Wife.

The Politickes dispute which of these two should have the Precedencie, but in the end give it to the Gowne, in that Good Letters can instruct us in the Military Discipline, but Armes cannot impart the Knowledge of the Arts.

I may seeme to some to have dwelt too long on this weighty, and necessary Argument of Honour in Generall, whose pardon I crave, and so proceed in my Method to treat of his Nobilitie by Race, who is now my deplored Theam.

I am utterly void of all insight in Heraldry, and therefore can write nothing in this kinde, save what I have upon trust, but that little I shall deliver shall be back'd with great Authorities. That his Ancestors have been Dukes, I am confident, every man hath heard, but how great in Authority, and Revenue it may be all men apprehend not. I am inform'd by a Knight skilfull and Excellent not only in our English, but Foreignne Heraldry also, that the Dukes of Buckingham

## The Life of the late

The Dukes o:  
Buckingham,  
have beeene so  
great that  
Earles have  
bin Stewards  
of their Hou-  
ses.

kingham have been so great, that Earles have been the Stewards of their Houses, and that they have disbursed eight hundred pounds yearly old Rent in Pensions to Earles, Barons, Knights, and Gentlemen. To this worthy Testatour of their Greatnesse, I shall yet adde a far greater: namely, the Right Honorable Henry Earle of Northampton, a Lord so omniscient that he seem'd to all learned men living in his time, *A walking Athens*. In a speech of his contain'd in a Booke entituled, *The Arraignment of the Traitors*, his formall words are these. *It was a Monke of Henton, that seduc'd the late Duke of Buckingham, to the Ruine of as great a Name as any Subject in Europe ( excepting onely the Surname of a King) can demonstrate, by which I receive a blemish, and all those that descend from him.* This is enough for mee, in that I cannot blazon Coates, nor draw Pedigrees, and because I am unwilling to disparage some whose Names the Staffords bore in former times, and afterwards forsooke them as somwhat too obscure, and low, for their lofty deeds.

Wee have all this while dwelt in the Suburbs, wee will now enter the Citie, and glad our eyes with the splendour of it. Imagine all the premises to bee but the Curtain, which now being drawne wee will gaze on the Beautifull Piece, his *Life*, so pure and innocent to the outward sight (in Gods eye who can be justified?) that what was said of *Scipio*

*Mas-*

*Nassica, may be applyed to him, Nihil in vita nisi laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit; Through his whole Life he never did, or spake any thing that was not commendable.*

The first care of his Excellent Parents was to let him know there was a God that made him, and they taught him by gesture to acknowledge this Truth, ere hee could by speech. The erection of his eyes, and Hands spake for him ere his Tongue could. To learne the Arts, and Sciences requires a convenient Ripenesse of Age, but it fares not so with Religion which is to be suck'd in with the Mothers, or Nurses Milke. A Vessell reteines long the sent of that wherewith it is first season'd, and therefore hee was taught to name, and know his Heavenly Father before his Earthly. When he came to have the use of speech, hee was instructed every morning with an humble heart, and in a submissive phrase to crave the conduct, and safeguard of God for that Day, and in the same lowly Language to implore his Almighty protection for the ensuing Night. Then was hee carried into Gods sacred Temple there to offer up prayers, and Vowes due to his Maker. True it is, that we not only see, but handle God in his Creatures, but we no where speak univocally, and unanimously to him, nor hee at all to us but in his Church.

And that hee might judge of Religion and Goodnesse aright, these his solicitous Parents gave him a learned Education: for though Lear-

His pious E-  
ducation.

Religion is to  
be suckt in  
with the  
milke.

His learned  
Education.

E ning

Though learning be not the Adequate cause of Vertue, it is the adjuvant.

ning be not the Adequate Cause of Vertue, (that being Affection in Goodnesse) yet that it is the Adjuvant, all men not Contentious will easily grant. Some there be (who affirme) that Vertue cannot be taught, because though the Intellect may be informed of the true forme of Vertue, yet the Will by this Instruction cannot be made flexible. Experience proving to us that many profoundly Learned, are withall damnable Wicked. But this falls out by accident, when Science meets with a perverse, and depraved Nature. If we consider Learning in it selfe, wee shall finde that though it doe not necessarily engender Vertue, yet it moves, and enclines the Will to embrace it. To this alludes that of Ovid.

*Didicisse fideliter Artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feroci.*

There are many forcible, convincing Reasons, why a learned man is more apt to follow Vertue then an unlearned. Amongst many other I will onely produce four. The first is, that by studying the Arts, and Sciences the thoughts of man are averted from dwelling on corporeall things, the ordinary objects of his Affections, and by that means the occasions are cut off, that usually allure him to be enamour'd on Vice. Secondly, he who is a curious searcher into the Nature, and causes of things, judgeth of them aright, and esteemes them as they are. Hence it comes to passe, that he

he magnifies things truly great, and contemnes those equally base, and is nothing at all moved with such Events as in the Vulgar beget Terror, and Astonishment. Thirdly, through the Knowledge of things Naturall, and Supernaturall, hee discernes many causes why wee should adhere to Vertue, and detest Vice: For hee who understands the Nature, and Excellencie of God, will desire to be like him, and bee who knows that God hath created all things under the Sunne for him, will be enflam'd with a diuine love towards him, and approve himselfe gratefull, and serviceable to this his Heavenly Benefactour. Likewise hee who espies in the bruite creatures themselves Images of Vertues, in some that of Fortitude, in others that of Temperancie, and Chastitie, in all an Instinct, and Industry in undergoing those Offices they are made for, and which are proper to them, will easily be induced to thinke it a shame, and dishonour to him, if he (having the use of Reason, and having the stampe of the Deity upon him) should be found defective in his Duty. Fourthly, and lastly, Learning layes before us the true Forme of Vertue, and furnisheth us with Examples of brave accomplish'd men, with the rewards, and Glory they purchas'd by their Perfections: and on the contrary, the ignominious, and horrid ends of such as have liv'd, and died mancipiated to their owne sordid, enormous Imperfections, the Meditation whereof will render a knowing man an Admirer of

Great men  
have declared  
themselves  
fautours of  
Learning.

Goodnesse, and a loather of Wickednesse.  
They who are so obstinate as to reject these  
Reasons in favour of Good Letters, will surely  
be ore-borne, and have their Judgements recti-  
fied, and reform'd by the Authoritie of great  
Men, who have declared themselves Fautours of  
Erudition. This Example of *Alexander*, sub-  
jecting himselfe to bee the Disciple of *Aristote*,  
shall bee the Leader. Before hee attempted the  
subduing of the World, hee desired to know  
what the World was, and it is likely that the  
knowledge of it invited him to the conquest  
thereof. How he doted on *Homers* Works is no-  
torious even to Dablers in Story. The same *A-  
lexander* it was, who would have no difference  
of Habit betweene the *Grecian* and the *Barba-  
rian*, saying, that their knowledge, and their ig-  
norance, were markes sufficient to distinguish  
them. That incomparable Prince *Alphonsus* King  
of *Spain*, *Sicily*, and *Naples*, (*Coetanian* with  
*Charles the Seventh of France*) after he had once  
read in *Saint Augustine*, that an illiterate King  
was no other then an Asse crowned, had igno-  
rance in such detestation, that where ever hee  
went, and at all times whether in Warre, or  
Peace, hee endevour'd both by Reading, and  
Conference, to better his Understanding, and at  
so high a rate he valued Science that hee gave for  
his Crest, *A Book open*. It was a frequent saying  
with him, *That his dead Counsellours, his Books,*  
*were to him farre better then ihe living*, since they  
with-

without flattery, Feare, or bashfulnesse, presented to him Truth naked without any disguising Cover-ture. I ingeniously confess, I never reade that speech of *Solon*, without infinite delight, who lying on his Death-bed, & over-hearing some of his learned Visitants despuiting and deciding some subtile question or other, attentively listned to their Disputation, which a stander by observing, demanded of him why he now ready to leave the world, should give eare to their discourse: to whom he made this answer, worthy to be treasured up in all memories; *Ut cum illud andicero moriar doctior. That when I have heard that poynt discuss'd, I may dye the more learned.* *Aristippus* being demanded by one, in what his sonne should bee better'd if he learnt the Arts, and Sciences; answer'd. *Etsi nulla alia in re, nequit, certe vel in hoc, quod in Theatro non sedebit lapis supra lapidem: If in nothing else, saith he, yet truely in this, that bee shall not sit in the Theater one stone upon another.* The same Philosopher often protested that hee had rather bee a Begger than a Foole, in that the former onely wants money, the latter humanity. *Antisthenes* confounded the studious, and the noble, and admonish'd his Scholars, that learning was the onely *Viatricum*, that in stormes and shipwracke when all things else perish'd, would boy up in spight of evill Fortune. *Aristotle* was so great a student, that when he went to rest, he used to hold in his hand a Ball of Brasse over a

*The Life of the late*

large Baton of the same Mettall, that when hee slept, the noyse of the Ball falling into the Bason might awaken him. To one who asked him how the Learned differ'd from the ignorant, hee replyed, *ut Viventes a Mortuis : As the Living from the Dead.* Hee woulde often repeate this his owne speech, *That Learning was an Ornament in prosperity, in aduersity a Refuge ; and that Tutors were farre to bee preferr'd by Children, before Naturall Parents, because they received from the latter the benefit of living onely : but from the former the felicity of living well, and blessedly.* I dwell the longer on this poynt that it may serve as an Admonition to all parents, especially the more Noble to bestow on their Children a breeding answerable to their Birth. In elder times, a Sonne was discharged in all duty of obeying, comforting, and relieving his parents in their Age, if he could prove that they had neglected to instruc them in his Youth. The Ancients held, that they who provided Lands, and ample possessions for their posterity on whom to bestow a learned Education, they would not beat the charge, resembled a silly fellow, that hath more care of his shooes than his feete. They thought that the bearing up of Riches for a flat-witted Coxcombe, who knowes not how to use them, was as if a faire sweete Lute should bee presented to one who knowes not how to make it speake harmoniously. They deemed ignorance to bee

at

at best but a dead Sepulcher, in which many were buried alive,

Of the same minde were the tender parents of this sweet young Lord, and therefore incessantly exhorted him to be carefull rather of augmenting his Knowledge than his Estate, whom he readily obeyed, his ambition & their will being like two Lines that meete in one Center. The first shew of his inclination to vertue, was his love to Science, and her Favourites, which I may properly call the entry to that future Glory which vertue intended him, and Time deprived him of. Though he had Lands to till, he forgot not to manure his mind : Some by necessity are constrained to study hard, he by delight was invited to his Book. He was none of those who imagine all that time lost which they lose not, accounting all those Horres mis-spent which they take from their pleasures, & give to their studiess. He would praise every man that aspir'd to Knowledge, whether hee were his superiour, his inferiour, or his equall in Learning. His Superiour had his best words as his due, because he deserved them. His equall he would not despise, lest he should be thought to undervalue himselfe ; and his inferiour hee would not contemne or insult over : for he held it no glory to excell the inglorious. The very desire of Learning he thought laudable in any man, much more the Acquisition of it. It was an infallible Maxime with him, that except those Eternall

Workes

Workes of the soule, wee can properly call nothing ours, in that all other things wee leave behind us find other owners. He therefore labour'd that by a barbarous Ignorance hee made not a forfeit of an Inheritance so inestimable as is a faire Fame, which was able to make all the survivours of his name happy sharers in that honour posterity shall pay him. But what was the scope of his study? was it accutely to scold and wrangle, after the manner of the Times? No, his thoughts could not but bee at peace, whose spirit was composed of nothing but sweetnesse and mildnesse. Was it to pry into the unrevealed Mysteries of the Deity? Nothing lesse; for hee had found that many secrets in Nature remaine yet unexplicable, much more then are those of God inscrutable, and impenetrable by any humane eye. He had purus'd the Fable of the Poets, which tells us that *Minerva strooke Tyreſas* blind, for beholding her naked. The Morall is full, and significant, implying that the Deity must not be over-curiously searcht into. Was it for Vaine-glory, and to learne things more curious than profitable? No, he could not be proud of Knowledge, who understood that man was ignorant, and a stranger to himselfe, till God reveal'd him to himselfe. He learnt nothing being a Child, that would not prove advantagious to him being a Man. He hated superfluous Science, and made choise of such Authors onely as may instruct, not distract his

his minde. He knew it fared with the soule as with the body, which is not nourish'd by the greedy devouring of much, but the good digestion of a little. He made, according to the Proverbe, no more haste than good speed, finding, that to come to the end of a long journey required not to runne a pace, but to be ever going. Was it language and words he onely hunted after? Neither of those, for he loved the Kirnell farre better than the shell. If none of these, what then was the aime of his study? surely nothing but vertue, which hee knew to bee *Res, non Verbum*, as one sayes, *A Thing, not a Word only*. And understanding that the Poets feigne her to have short armes, inferring, that he who covets to be embrac'd by her, must make a neare approach to her before hee can come within her reach, and attaine to that supreame Happinesse; he came so close up to her, and convers'd so frequently with her, that all his actions ever after savour'd of her sweetnesse. Her hee made his supporter, knowing that ingenius Antiquity represented her to us by a Hieroglyphick γ, whose toppe parts two wayes, and resembles a Musket Rest, to denote the aide and support shee affords those that put their trust in her. And because she divides her selfe into many branches, whereof some are divine, some morrall, he resolved seriously, and intently to practise first the former then the later. The three Theologicall hee first chose to exercise

F him-

himselfe in, were Humility, Obedience, and Charitie; and that taske ended, hee purposed to make a strong Essay to gaine a habit in all the Cardinall, and lesser Morall Vertues. In the service of these he made a vow to spend the remainder of his dayes, setting apart the vertues of *Italy*, where every Painter, Dancer, Tooth-drawer, and Mountebanke is cald a *Vertuoso*.

Here his religious parents slept in againe to his ayde, who did not imitate the Images of *Mercy* set up in times past in the common Roades, with the fore-finger poynting out the way to passengers; but standing still themselves, not bearing them company. This loving couple (as happy in themselves, as in him) were his guides not onely by Advice, but Action.

The reason why hee beganne with Humility was, that it render'd him more apt and able to acquire the rest, and was the vertue his, and our blessed Master commenc'd and ended with, and all the Saints in imitation of him have studi-ed, and with diligence put in practice. Our sweetest Saviour forbade his Disciples to divulge his miracles, least the World might thinke he gloryed in them, as appeares by his cure of the Leprous, of the Blind, of the Lame, and of the Dutnbe, &c. In his Transfiguration hee gave them the same charge; *Reveale this Vision to no body*. His Disciples demanding who should be the greatest in the Kingdome of Heaven, he answered, *Whosoever shall humble himselfe like one*

Humility extolled in  
it selfe and  
him.

one of these little ones, shall bee greatest there. What caught he but Humility, when hee said, When thou art invited to a wedding, take not the first place at the Table. What can perswade a man sooner to avoyd Vaine-glory, and to enrole himselfe amongst the servants of Humility, than his moving example of the Pharisee, and the Publican? He made choyse to bee conceived of a poore humble Mother, and to bee borne not onely in no remarkable Country, but in a Stable, wher beasts onely were witnessess of his Birth. Thirty yeares hee lurked in the World, in somuch that we read little or nothing of him in all that time, save that when hee was twelve yeares old, hee was found hearing, interrogating, and determining in the Temple. About his thirtieth yeare hee sent not for Saint John Baptift, but came to him, and demanded Baptisme at his hands: wherein wee learne a profitable lesson for the proud, who disdaine to visit their infernours. Hee that came from Heaven scorn'd not to waite on earth, on his owne servant, and shall insolent men who live on earth, and are made of earth, scorne or grudge to give each other a salut? He began his preaching in the same humble manner as John did, Report, &c. He intruded not into the Nuptials of the rich and lofty, but of the meeke, and penitent, where Wine was wanting. When hee understood they meant to make him a King, hee flew into the Mountaines to conceale himselfe,

He being Lord of all things, paid Tribute as a servant. Hee travailed commonly on foot, and when he was weary, hungry, and dry, his lodging and fare were little better then that of the irrational Creatures. This is with ease proved, for he complaineth himselfe, that hee hath not a house to put his head in : and wee finde that when hee was faint and thirsty, hee had no other repose then on the ground, nor no other drinke then that pure Water drawne for him, by that purer *Samaritan*. Hee elected humble Disciples, and preached to them Humility. Hee said not to them, *Be Omnipotent as I am Omnipotent*, *Be Wise as I am Wise*; No, no, his Doctrine flew a lower pitch, and was delivered in a more stooping phrase, *Be humble, as I am humble*. He named himselfe the sonne of man, oftner then the sonne of God, and though hee was truly both, in that he participated of both Natures, yet hee chose his Denomination oftner from the inferiour nature then frotn the superiour. Hee made his Entry into *Hierusalem*, not like a Triumpher in a Chariot, nor on a proud Courser with rich Trappings, but on a sily Asse void of rich Furniture. Being to depart out of this World, that he might leave behind him an unequalld and unheard of Example of Humilitie, he wash'd his Disciples feet, and wip'd them with the linnen cloth wherewith hee was girt. Lastly, every circumstance of his Passion rellisheth humilitie. Did the Saints digresse a whit from this path trod by their

their Redeemer? Surely no, one proove where-  
of we have in St. John Baptist, whose thoughts,  
deeds, and words were all humble. The Jewes  
enquiring of him whether hee were Christ, or a  
Prophet, he answered negatively to both: where-  
as our Saviour protesteth that the Humane Race  
could never boast of a greater then he. Hee assu-  
med no higher a stile then, *I am the voice in the  
Wildernes, &c.* His Diet, his Raiment, and his  
Lodging were all contemptible. How often did  
that faire recover'd Bankerupt of all Grace, Mary  
Magdalene, fall at our Saviours feet, and wash  
them with her teares? After the miraculous cure  
of the lame by Peter; his speech was lowly, not  
attributing the fact to himselfe, but to the divine  
Vertue, and the Invocation of the Name of J E-  
S U S. When upon his entry into Cæsaria, Cor-  
nelius meeting him fell at his feet, hee rais'd him  
up, saying, *I am a man also as thou art.* Paul, and  
Barnabas hearing that the Inhabitants of the  
City of Lystris, concluded they were Gods  
and resolved to sacrifice to them, cut their  
garments in pieces, and running into the  
midst of the Throng, cried out; *What mean you  
to do? Wee are no other then poore Mortals,* as  
you are; Yet with this their clamour could they  
hardly keep the superstitious people from sacrific-  
ing to them. Paul submitted himselfe to learne  
of Aquila, and Priscilla, the Art of Tent-making,  
and got his living by it. This last, but most lea-  
ned of the Apostles, was a submissive petitioner

*The Life of the late*

for the prayers of others. *I beseech you Brethren,*  
saith he, *even in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ,*  
*and the Charitie of the Holy Ghost, to assist me with*  
*your Prayers.* In other places hee termeth him-  
selfe the least of the Apostles, and professeth that  
he deserveth not the name of an Apostle. In his  
Epistle to *Timothy*, hee descendeth yet lower;  
*Iesus*, saith hee, *came into the world to save Sin-*  
*ners, whereof I am the chiese.* Of the same Hu-  
mility relish these his meeke formes of speech,  
Not aspiring to height of Knowledge, and thinking  
themselves superiours to one another only in Hu-  
militie. *Armatura tutissima animi Modestia,*  
saith Saint *Basil*, *A modest humble minde is an Ar-*  
*mour of proose.* Wittily Saint *Bernard*, *As the*  
*morning Light is a sure signe that the Sun is en-*  
*tring into our Hemisphare; so the very dawne of*  
*Humility in any man, is an infallible Token of ap-*  
*proaching Grace.* This is the Vertue that sweet-  
tens all the rest, and a good Frame, and securitie  
ever attend it. By this the holy Martyrs have  
triumph'd over Tyranny, and Death, and by it  
have obtain'd the eternall Crown of Glory they  
now weare. He who void of Humility, seeks to  
engrosse other Vertues, doe like him who gathe-  
reth dust to throw it against the winde. This  
Vertue never entred into the Heads or Hearts of  
the Heathen. *Nulla tanta est Humilitas*, (saith  
*Valerius Maximus*) *que admodum Glorie non*  
*tangatur: There is no Humilitie so great, as to be*  
*altogether senseleffe of the sweetnesse of Glory.* *Ha-*  
*milis*

milis satis est (they be the words of *Livy*) qui  
a quo jure satis vivit, nec inferendo injuriam, nec  
patiendo etiam: He is humble enough, who is a just  
observer of this equal Law, neither to all, nor suf-  
fer an injury. To these I may adde that of *Iso-*  
*cates*; Legi, Principe, & sapientiori cedere mo-  
destum est: It is the part of a modest humble  
man so subject himself to the Law, his Prince, and  
those in wisdome above him. The Philosophers in  
the beginning were so proud as to assume to  
themselves the stile of *Wisemen*, *Pythagoras* be-  
ing the first, (as witnesseth *Laertius*) that mo-  
destly called himself a *Philosopher*, that is, a Lover  
of *Wisdome*. *Socrates*, indeed, seemed to look  
towards *Humility*, when hee said, *Hoc tantum*  
*scio me nihil scire: I onely know this that I know*  
*nothing*. But this was spoken respectively, that  
what hee knew, was nothing in respect of that  
whereof he was ignorant. The *Stoicall*, Magni-  
loquent Sect utterly excluded *Humility*, and the  
*Cynick* though hee appeared fardid and abject,  
was thought by other Sects as inwardly haughty  
as hee was outwardly dejected, which was inti-  
mated by his speech, who said to one of them,  
*That hee espied his pride through the hole in his*  
*Clouke*. The Poets went this way altogether, as  
fatre as they,

—*Valeat iha summis*

*Mutare & insignem attenuat Dots,*

*Obscura ptonens,*

As

*The Life of the late*

As saith the Horace, and seneca in his *Thyestes*;  
addeth,

*Laus vera humili sapè contigit viro.*

In this submissive Vertue this our sweete Bud  
of Honour grew to such a height, that hee had  
many noble Emulatours who aspired to climbe  
to the same degree. Hee made Mans miserable  
condition the Mirrour wherein his Humilitie  
beheld her selfe. Hee rightly conceived, that as  
the Tree that growes high must take deep root:  
so the Minde that ascends to God must first pro-  
strate it selfe before him. His sanctified soule (if  
her Creatour accepted of her poore endevours)  
was altogether carelesse of the applause of men,  
like a chaste Spouse, who being ravish'd with  
the delight she takes in the kisses and embraces  
of her Husband, is nothing at all mindfull or  
carefull of the frownes, or favours of others: yet  
did she humbly comply with all men as farre as  
the Service, and Honour of her Maker would  
give her leave.

Obedience  
commanded  
in it selfe, and  
him.

This Vertue prepar'd him to receive the yoke  
of Obedience, which he readily put on, and ne-  
ver after disobediently cast off. He was confor-  
mable in all things to the Word of God, the  
Church, his Prince, Parents, Tutors, and Super-  
iors. That there was a God hee learn'd from  
the Order, and Beauty of the Universe, which  
to attribute to the Vertue, or power of things  
crea-

created were to ascribe the motion of the wheel to the wheele it selfe, or the Excellencie of an Image to the Pensill. Hee saw nothing that put him not in minde of God, but being admitted to be a member of his mysticall Body , his Church, he there saw him more clearly, spake to him, and receiv'd from him his divine behests, of which he forthwith vowed himselfe a most obedient, and religious observer.

The Duty hee owed his Parents, Nature had ingrafted in him, and Grace had assured him that hee deserves neither the stile of Noble, nor of Man, who neglects to bee dutifull to those to whom he owes his Life, and Being. A reverence to these in-seated in the Bloud. Two strange demonstrations of this Veritie wee finde in *Livie*, and *Valerius Maximus*. The first is, that *Marcus Pomponius* having accused *Lucius Manlius* of cruelty to *Titus Manlius* his sonne, the said *Titus* went to the House of *Pomponius* then Tribune, and with his Sword drawne, threatned to kill him, unlesse hee would sweare to let the Processe fall against his Father , and forced him to take that Oath. The later in *Valerius Maximus*, is of a Woman condemned to die by Famine , whom her Daughter then a Nurse ( having leave daily to visit her Mother ) nourished with her milke, which pious deceit of hers being detected, bred that relenting, and astonishment in the hearts of the Judges, that they not only pardoned the Mother, but in memory of this pious, and dutifull

His obedience  
to his parents.

Two rare ex-  
amples of fi-  
liall duty, and  
pietie.

fact of the Daughter, razed the Prison to the ground, and erected in the same place a Temple to Pietie. *Diceret aliquis, saith Valerius, hos esse contra legem Nature, nisi Naturæ prima lex esset diligere parentes: A man would say, that for the Daughter to give suck to the Mother were a thing preposterous, and against Nature, were it not that the first Law of Nature is to love our Parents.* Aristotle affirmes, that the Storks nourish their Dammes, in way of a gratefull recompensation of their care, and pains in breeding them. *Quicquid prestiti, saith Seneca, infra estimationem Paterni Muneris est: What ever I have perform'd, comes short of the Benefits for which I stand a Debtor to my Father.* None but Monsters of Ingratitude forget such blessings as these.

*His obedience  
to his Tutors.*

His Tutors he honour'd and obey'd, not for feare of punishment, but love of Discipline. Hee sufferd not himselfe to be hale'd, and dragg'd to his Book, but was as sedulous in learning as his Masters in teaching, who (no doubt) had told him that the Muses love a smiling Schollar, not one who lowers on them, and beholds the Schoole with the same countenance Malefactors looke on the Gibbet. I cannot say whether his alacrity in receiving, or his care in executing his Tutors commands were the greater.

The esteeme of the holy Prophets, Apostles, and Fathers of the Church had this Virtue in ought to advance it much in our esteeme. God bound man to obedience presently after his creation

tion in the state of innocencie , the breach whereof hee severely punish'd. *Noah* readily obey'd all Gods commands when the Floud was at hand. The swift obedience of *Abraham* was admirable , when without any delay at all, he made haste to sacrifice his sonne , and with his owne hands to let out his own blood. It is worthy our observation , that when ever the Children of *Israel* , or any of Gods servants fought with , or against his will , they had accordingly good, or bad successe. God told that if hee willingly executed all his precepts, hee would ever fixe the Throne of his Kingdome in *Hierusalem*: but on the contrary, if he did not perform them, he would cut *Israel* from off the face of the earth. Therefore, saith S. *Gregory*, is obedience better then sacrifice, because by sacrifice anothers flesh , but by obedience our own wils are subdued, slaine, and offerd up to the Almighty. An obedient man, saith Saint Bernard, deferres not the execution of a command, but straight prepares his eares to heare, his Tongue to speake, his feet to walke, his bands to worke, and all his thoughts are fix'd on the will of his Commander. And in another place, the same Father saith, That there is, no doubt , but hee deserves more grace, and favour, who prepares and makes himselfe readie to receive a command, then hee who willingly executeth the same. To this al-ludes that of *Plautus*,

— Pater adsum,  
*Impera quid vis, neque tibi ero in mora,*  
*Neque latebrosè me abs tuo conspectu occultabo.*

And that of Terence,

*Facis ut te deces cum isthuc quod postulo impe-  
 tro cum gratia.*

Wee will conclude this point with that which Ovid speaks of Achilles.

*Qui toties socios, toties exterruit hostes,  
 Creditur annosum pertinuisse senem.*

Charite prai-  
sed in it selfe,  
and him.

The next that presents it selfe to our view is Charity, a Virtue that will usher any man to Gods presence, who is ambitious of that greatest of Glories. This Love is the King of all the passions of the soule, and motions of the Heart, he attracts all the rest to him, and renders them conformable to himselfe. His Essence consists in doing good works readily, diligently, frequently. Let us heare that excellent Father Saint Augustine magnifie this Virtue. *In Charite, saith hee, the poore are rich, and without it the rich are poor. This sustaines us in adversitie, tempers us in prosperity, fortifies us against unruly passions, and makes us joyfully do good works. This was it made Abel delightfull in Sacrifice, Noah secure in the Flond,*

Floud; Abraham faithfull in his peregrination, Moses merry amidſt injuries, and David meek in tribulation. This made the fire a playfellow to the Children in the Furnace. This caused Susanna to be chaste above the temptations of man. Anna after the use of man, and the blessed Virgin without the knowledge of man. This animated Paul to be free in arguing, Peter humble in obeying, the Christians gentle in their confessions, and Christ himselfe prone to pardon sinners. What shall I say? Should I speake with the tongues of men, and Angels, and want Charitie. I were nothing, it being the soule of Divine Knowledge, the Vertue of Propheſie, the salvation contained in the Sacraments, the fruit of Faith, the riches of the poore, and the life of the dying. He addes, A man may have all the Saera-  
ments and yet be evill, but he cannot have Charitie and be so. Againe, Science if it be alone, is puffed up with pride, but because Charitie edifies, she suffers not Knowledge to swell. He calls it in another place, the cement of soules, and the societie of the Faithfull. Saint Hierome commends it to us in these words. I do not remember any one hath died an ill death, who willingly perform'd the Works of Charity: the reason is because hee hath many Intercessours, and it is a thing impossible that the pray-  
ers of many should not penetrate the sacred eares of God. Sweetly, saith St. Gregory. As many boughs spring from one root; so many Vertues are deriv'd from Charitie alone, in which not rooted, no branch of goodness can flourish. To these Suf-

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frages, I will adde that of Hugo, O divine Chari-  
tie, I know not how I should speake more in thy  
praye, then that thou didst draw God from Heaven  
to Earth, and didst exalt Man from Earth to Hea-  
ven. Needs must thy force be great, since by thee  
God was so humbled, and Man so exalted.

In so few yeares as fourteene, a man can ex-  
pect onely a propension to this, and all other  
Vertues: yet he that looks for no small progresse  
in this, and most of the other (for the practice of  
some are not incident to that tender age) shall  
not have his expectation deceiv'd. For his Cha-  
rity, I may truly averre, that it was extensive not  
onely to his friends, and acquaintance, but to the  
poore, to strangers, and enemies also. Some  
friends he chose both for support, and ornament,  
as appeares by his love, and imitation of his  
truly good, and great Guardian, the Earle of  
Arundell, Lord Marshall of England, for no sooner  
had age ripened his judgement, but hee elec-  
ted him for the object of his affections, and the  
modell of his actions. A copy drawne from so  
faire an originall, you will say could not prove  
deform'd. Others hee chose for delight, and all  
hee lov'd with a heart wherein Truth kept her  
Court. Some he would to his power so sudden-  
ly, secretly, and cunningly relieve, that they of-  
ten times found their wants supplyed, before  
they knew from whence the benefit came, resem-  
bling in this a Physician, who cures his patient  
unawares, before he dreams of a recovery. Hee  
ap-

His love to  
his Friends.

approved that speech of *Diogenes*, *Manus ad amicos non complicatis digitis extendi oportere*: That a closed hand is not to bee reached out to a Friend. Where he discovered a compleat worth, he disdained not to be a suitor, and first to make an offer of his service, in imitation of a Husbandman, who first tilleth, and soweth the ground, and then expects the fruit of his labour. His word, and the effect of it, were as inseparable as heat and fire. This true property of a Gentleman the Ancients decipher'd to us, when they painted a Tongue bound fast to a Heart. He was no importunate, or severe Exactor of the returne of a love answerable in greatnessse to his owne; wisely, and nobly considering that hee is no true friend who is alwayes no more a friend then his friend is.

Marry (I must confess) hee was exceedingly curious, and caurious in his choice, following in that the counsell of *Socrates* the Philosopher, *Amicos sequere quos non prudenter elegisse*: Follow such friends whom to have chosen you need not be ashamed. Hee applauded that of *Amarchariss*, *Multo melius est amicum unum egregium quam gregarios multos possidere*. It is farre better to enjoy one brave Friend then many meane and vulgar. Hee knew that they who in haste, and without mature advise contract friendship, suffer the same inconuenientie as they do, who greedily and hastily devote sundry meates which they can neither quickly with ease and safety cast up, nor retaine.

His curiositie  
in the choice  
of his friends.

taine. He discreetly weighed, that friendship made with the wicked, is as unstable Vice, the Basis whereon it is built. As the Ocean with great labour strives to worke all dead bodies to the shore; so a generous friendship expells all such as are lost, and dead in sinne. It is not enough to be wise and good our selves, but we must not keepe the foolish and the wicked company, except we will incurre the censure of the World, and be our selves thought such. Vice, and the Vicious he fought with, after the manner of the Parthians flying. If his dearest friend had solicited him to joyne with him in any act not warranted by Vertue, he would have answered him with Pericles, who to an intimate friend that woed him to forsware himselfe in his behalfe, replied, *I am my friends friend as farre as the Altars.* As if he should had said, *I will passe for thee through all miseries, dangers, and shipwracks, save that of Conscience, which like a Maid of Honour, I must preserve inniolated, and immaculate.*

A herd of  
Friends hee  
lov'd not.

As he was extreamly nice, and carefull, not to entertaine debauch't friends, so was hee also resolv'd not to admit of many. He was not ignorant that a River which hath many Armes, and out-lets, is alwayes in danger of being low, and drye. Plutarch maintaines, hee cannot be faithfull, and honest, who hath a herd of friends, because many may want his Faith, and assistance at one and the same time, to all which hee cannot bee

bee serviceable. But those he had once judicially chosen, and on whom he had fixed his affection hee still regarded with the same countenance; whether they were in a flood, or an ebbe of Fortune, cleane contrary to the course of flaterers, and dissemblers, who fawne on their friends in abundance, and forsake them in penury, not unlike in this to Flies, which came in swarmes to a Kitchin full of flesh, and abandon it empty.

His affection to his friends tooke nothing from his care, and love of the poore. It was not hidden from him, that the chiefe worke of mercy, is to have pitty on a mans owne soule; hee therefore first endeavoured to mundifie his owne heart, knowing that God more than man respects the pure minde of the giver. True it is, he was in his Nonage, and had no great store out of which his Liberallity should flow, but all hee could spare Charity dispos'd of. God Crownes the intent where he findes not the faculty. Legitimate Mercy proceedes not from a full purse, but a free bosome. He that in his heart compassionates his neighbours infortunity, deserves more of him, and in the sight of God, than hee who gives him onely a materiall Almes, for hee who gives, parteth onely with his outward substance; but he who affords the indigent sighes, teares, and groanes, imparts that which comes from within, from the very Center of the soule. He keperd himselfe onely what was necessary,

His love to  
the poore.

H                   cessary,

cessary, and the superfluous he imparted to the Needy. Hee piously meditated, that Poverty is a consecrated Field, that quickly returnes the sower a plentifull harvest. It fares with spirituall, as with temporall Husbandry, unlesse seed be scattered, no encrease can be expected. He laid up his Treasure in his true eternal Country, Heaven: He thought continually that he heard the voice of his Saviour thus saying. *I was thy Benefactor, now make me thy Debtor, become my Vsurer, and thou shalt centuply receive the Summe thou disbursest.* In obedience to his command he assisted, as farre as in him lay, all that wanted. He that gives indifferently to all, shall ever bee mercifull, but he who sits upon the Lifes of the poore, and judgeth them according to their faults, not their necessities, shall seldom or never doe good. We ought to cast our eye on nature, not on the person, according to that of Aristotle, who being reprehended for succouring a Lewd, but poore man, replyed, *De Humanitati, non Homini. I give to Humane Nature, not to the man.* He murders the poor, who denyes him that whereby he subsists. Most accursed is he who shuts up in his Coffers the Health and Life of the distressed. In vain he lifts up his hands to heaven, who extends them not to the succor of the afflicted. It is a lovely ruine, and a pleasing spectacle to Christ, to see a devote man undoe himself with his own hands, in freely and readily bestowing al that he hath on the naked. But oh! it is deservedly to be lamented that

that the whilome downy open hands of mercy are now shut, and brawny, and that most men either out of a flinty Nature, or out of a needless feare to be thought Vaine-glorious leave to bee pious. To the former hard-hearted brood, whom no misery of another can move. I wil say with *Pliny*, *If they merit the Epithets of wise & valiant they shall not be denied them, but we will never grant they shall be stiled wise, and valiant men Men, since they have unman'd themselves, lost their bowels, and cast off all Humanity.* The later, who make Vaine-glory their scruple, I can assure that the Benefit is not despicable before God, which is confirm'd in the sight of men, but that which is done to the end men may see it.

His ready for-  
giving of in-  
juries.

From his proneste in giving, we now come to his readinesse in forgiving, another office of Charity, executed with farre greater difficulty than any of the former. To love desert in friends, or supply the wants of the needy, reason and Nature invite us, but to suffer disgraces, and intollerable injuries from worthles men, is a thing they both abhorre : for that of *Seneca* is most true, *Duplicat dolorem sustinentis indignitas Inferentis.* The grieve of the sustainer is doubled by the indignity of the Afflictor. Appositely to this *Cicero*, *Qui se non defendit, nec obſtitit injurie, ſi potest, tam eſt in vitio quam ſi parentes, aut amicos, aut patrium dererat :* Hee who defendeth not himselfe, and repelleth not an injury, if he can, commits as great a crime as he that forsakes his Parents,

Friends,

*Friends, or Countrey.* It is a thing not very hard for flesh and blood to rejoice in God, and his Blessings, but very difficult it is to take pleasure in all Slanders, Infamy, and Persecutions for his sake: for that gentle submissive soule, into which Ambition, nor the least thought of honour ever entered, would yet most gladly avoyd all abuses, and dishonours. But our now truely blessed one, the beloved Theme wee now handle, had learnt this holy humble Art of him, whose life was nothing but a continued passion. All injuries intended, or acted against himselfe he could freely pardon: but those which were directed against the Majesty and dignity of his Maker, he could not endure. In such a case a holy Fury becomes the Child of God. It savour'd in his opinion of more piety and wisodome, to overcome a slight injury, that reached not to his Parentage, or Religion, with silence, than with a tart replye; having found in Story, that small words have overthrown great Cities. No wrong being equall to that which is done with reproach, and contumely, in that to an Heroicke Spirit the losse of blood is not so grievous as that of Reputation.

Valour magnified in it selfe and him.

We will now descend from the Divine to the Morall Vertues; amongst which Valour (according to the generall vulgar belief) is the first required in a Lord, or Cavallier. Therefore the Poets feigne the god of Warre himselfe to bee borne in Thrace, because the people of that Coun-

Country are hardy, and courageous. This was to denote that Fortitude usuall resides amongst men of a generous, and lofty straine, whose Education leads them to knowledge in good Letters, which at once informes them of the Renown of their Ancestors; and that the image of *Fabre* was ever placed before the Temple of *Mars*, to intimate, that the great exploits of daring, and undaunted men, are by her carried into every corner of the earth. It will not bee amisse here to insert the judgements of the Fathers of the Church, passed on this vertue. St. Austin shall be the Chorus: *Qui vera virtuta fortis est nec temere audet, nec in inconsultè timet.* He who is truly valorous neither dares rashly, nor feares unadvisedly. That of St. Hierome deserves our observation. *Fortitudo via Regia est, aqua declinat ad dextram qui temerarius est, & pertinax ad sinistram qui formidolosus est, & pavidus.* Fortitude is the Kings high way, from which he swerves on the right hand, who is foole hardy, and obstinate: He on the left hand who is cowardly, and fearefull. Wisely and pertinently Cassiodorus. *Vir vocatus, a viribus, qui nescit in adversis tolerando deficere, aut in prosperis aliqua elatione se jactare, sed animo stabili fixus, et Cœlestium rerum contemplatione firmatur manet semper in pavibus.* Man is so called from his strong and manly mind, which knowes not how to faint in suffering adversity, nor to boast & insult in prosperity, but fixed in a stable resolution, and confirmed by

## The Life of the late

the contemplation of heavenly things remayns evermore fearelesse. The Heathens themselves dif-  
ferd not in opinion from these holy men, as Ci-  
cero testifies in his Rhetoricks : *Sicut scientia re-  
mot a justitia caliditas potius quam sapientia ap-  
pellanda est : sic animus ad periculum paratus si  
sua cupiditate, non aliena utilitate impellitur Te-  
meritatis potius nomen habet quam Fortitudinis :*  
*As Knowledge not accompanied with Justice,  
is rather to be called Craft then Wisdome : so a  
minde readie to encounter danger, if it be driven  
thereunto by its owne desire and pleasure, not the  
publick profit, meriteth rather the name of Tem-  
erity then Valeur.* In the same place, hee thus de-  
fines Fortitude. *Fortitudo est immobilis inter  
adversa gloriofa animi claritudo res arduas pul-  
chrè administrans, quæ nec adversis infestando  
frangitur, nec prosperis blandiendo elevatur : For-  
titude is an unmoved glorious serenity of the mind  
fairly administering things difficult, which is nei-  
ther broken nor dejected with the frowns of For-  
tune, nor puffed up with her smiles.*

All men ad-  
mire, few un-  
derstand what  
valour is.

This Virtue is justly admir'd of all, truly un-  
derstood, and practised but by a few. Some think  
it valour to kill themselves, some to injure and  
provoke others, and almost all believe that a va-  
lian man ought to feare nothing. For the first,  
that a man ought not to lay violent hands on  
himselfe all good Christians conclude. Aristotle  
thus cryes, this self-murther done : *Mollitudinis  
est laboriosa fugere : It argues a man of Effemina-  
cie*

cie to seek by Death to flie from the troubles, and labours of this life. This Philosopher, and the Pythagoreans held that as a souldier ought not to leave his station without the command of his Generall. So no man shoule dare to goe out of this life without the leave of God, and Nature that gave it him. Wee will therefore spare the prooef of a thing so universally granted by all Christians, and many Philosophers. But withall the strength of Divinity and Philosophy, I shall never bee able to convince the greater part of Mankind of another errore almost as damnable as this, and that is a foolish, and pernicious Tenent, that they may lawfully send Challenges, and accept of them, though the occasion of the quarrell be Wine, Dice, or prostituted Women. Nay, many a man is the Martyr of Temperancie, and is kill'd because hee will not excessively drinke. I knew two Gentlemen of great qual'ite, and little wit, fall out in a Taverne upon a protestation of the greatnessse of their mutuall love each to other. In this ardencie, each strove for prioritie in affection. One said, *Thou art dearer to me then I to thee,* whereupon the other replied with the Lie, and was run thorough in the place where he stood. Monsieur de la Noye a valiant and learned French Capitaine demonstrates the misery of these Duels upon slight occasions, by an infortunitie that befell himselfe in the like case. Hee being importun'd by a Gentleman of his Nation, not Acquaintance, to be his Secoad; wil-

willingly, and thankfully condiscended to his Request; for, indeed, the French think themselves never so much honour'd as when their friends value them at so high a rate, as to put their Honours, and Lives into their custodie. Well, this brave Second associated his Principall into the Field, where they were to fight two to two. He no sooner arrived there, but with grief and horrour hee beheld his neerest Kinsman, and dearest friend hee had in the World ready to encounter him, as being the opposite Second. You may easily conceive, what a combat there was in his noble brest betweene Honour and Affecti-  
on, but the former being a Tyrant quickly over-  
came, and suppress'd the later, and violently  
hal'd this great Commander to combate his  
Friend, who there fell under his sword. I will  
omit all other examples, for all come short of  
this. *Nec mediocris animi est fortitudo*, saith  
*Saint Ambrose*, *que sola defendit ornamenta vir-*  
*tutum omnium*: *Fortitude beares no meane deje-*  
*eted minde, which alone defends the Graces, and*  
*Ornamenta of all the other Vertues.* Sure I am,  
the most part of our Gentry put it to a cleane  
contrary use, and exercise it onely in the defence  
of Vice, and her deformed Litter. These silly  
brothers of the Sword either by the force of  
Drinke, Fury, or Ignorance, are rendred as stu-  
pid as the Natives of *Barbary* are with the ex-  
cessive eating of *Opium*, which hurries them into  
Quarrels, that Grace and Nature both tremble  
at

at. The Spartans ever before a battaile, tempered  
and allaid the choler of their Souldiers with the  
melodie of the Flute, and other instruments, that  
so their anger might not deface their Reason.  
We had need of some charming Musick to qua-  
lifie the heate and rage of our Rorers. Hardly  
will they endure the Test of the Scripture, who  
cannot undergo that of Aristotle. First, sayes he,  
a valiant man fights not for feare of Infamy, or Re-  
prehension. Secondly, not for the awe hee stands in  
of Military Discipline. Thirdly, not out of confi-  
dence of his skill in the Military Art, or of his own  
strength and armature. Fourthly, not being urged  
thereto by the violence of naturall passions, as An-  
ger, Griefe, Lust, and the like. Fifithly; not out of ig-  
norance of his enemies force, nor out of feare of  
servitude, or hope of boosie. Sixtly, a valiant man  
is the Champion of honestie; for which onely hee is  
to combate all that oppose it. He could not ima-  
gine any thing in excellencie above Honesty,  
which he still makes his utmost scope, not being  
so blessedly subtile as to discerne God and his  
Church. Examine wel all these Requisites of Va-  
lour, and how many now a dayes shall we disco-  
ver, and allow valiant; most men fighting against  
all the Rules of Honesty, and the Laws of God?  
If our Nobility and Gentry shall diligently per-  
use ancient Histories, they shall finde that their  
renowned Ancestours never ascended to the  
Throne of Honour this way. Debauches, Quar-  
rels, and Duels were not the degrees by which

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they

they mounted. They singl'd not out an enemy in the field upon exchange of idle words, never drawing their swords but to rescue their Country out of the jawes of Ruine, or their Prince from the Height of a Breach, or from the Centre of the Enemies Battalion. The Valour not thus nobly employ'd, they reputed no other then a womanish choleric, a simple passion and a feeble revenge unworthy of a man magnanimous. Certainly, our Gallants cannot but imagine the great *Alexander*, and the mightie *Julius* to be nothing inferiour to them in this Vertue, yet did not they judge that a foolish hasty word should be put in ballance with a Life. These Master-spirits of the World were utterly ignorant what reparation of Honour the Lie claimed, and of the circumstances in managing a Quarrell, which these Hacksters make out yonger sort believe to be a Mystery, and by this ridiculous Science get their Livings. Those great Worthies concluded that the offence alwayes return'd upon his head that offerd it. From these single, bloody Encounters, what can Gentlemen expect other then if they kill, to have their Lands confiscated to the King, and (if married) to have their Wives and Children live by the succour of the Knap-sack, to leave infamy to their Posterity, and to have no other Historiographer then the Hangman; whereas their lives lost in a set Battaille, would make them ever live in the best Chronicles of theirs, and after times. Now suppose they fall them-

themselves under their enemies hands, what can ensue but a burial of their Names together with their bones, and (without Gods infinite extraordinary mercy) the damnation of their soules? These Duels, and the Horse-races of our Gentry so much in request with them; have two goodly originals. The first began amongst the slaves of *Haniball*, after he had passed the *Alpes*, and the later amongst the Butchers of *Barnet*, who (their London Markers once ended) soundly dows'd in drinke, used to run home for wagers. What will these Fighters say, if I prove to them out of the great Secretary of Nature, *Aristotle*, that a man may feare, and yet be valiant? First, saith he, a valiant man may dread all things shamefull and wicked, and the Infamy of himselfe, and his. Secondly, he may feare all things so dreadfull, that they exceed the power of Humane Nature to withstand, as Thunder, Lightning, Earthquakes, Inundations, and the like, which yet he feares not, so that they shall make him forget to do the office of a man resolved. Nay, hee stops not there, but maintaines that a valiant man may flie from an enemy without being justly branded with cowardise, in case hee findes his Life may be more profitable to his Countrey then his Death. Hee cannot then be said to shun death out of pusillanimity, but to reserve himselfe for a greater good.

But I desire to be read by my owne Light, that I would not have any man thinke that I insinuate

by this Invective against the abuse of this Heroick Vertue, that I counsell any Gentleman to endure grosse Injuries of a high nature; such as may disparage his whole Race, Countrey, Religion, or hazard the safety of his person; for of these foule wrongs, all Nations allow a Repulsion; and the Ancients called this harmlesse defence, *Incorruptam Tutelam*. Therefore Mars was pictured with his Bosome open, to shew unto us that worthy men ought to expose themselves to all dangers, for the preservation of their Honour.

Two admir-  
able signes of  
Cato's future  
valour discov-  
er'd in him  
yet a childe.

This deare Gentleman, whose losse wee condole, had not yet received force and vigour to make a demonstration of the externall valour, but the internall he had abundantly, as appeared by many seeds of true Magnanimitie, which both by his carriage and speech, were easily to be discern'd in him. Such sparkes as these of a great minde the Romans discover'd in Cato yet a childe, and by those judg'd of his future Greatnesse. Two of these, as most remarkable, I shall here insert not onely to delight but to confirme, and strengthen the mindes of my Readers. He, and his brother *Capio*, being educated in the House of their Uncle *Livius Drusus*, it hap- pened that the *Latines* were at that time suitours for the obtaining of a City, and that one of the chiefe of them, *Popedius Silo*, was entertain'd, and lodg'd in the House of *Drusus*. *Popedius* one day amongst the rest talking, and jesting fami- liarily

liarly with the children, said to them, *Will not you intercede with your Uncle that we may have a Citie granted us?* To this *Cæpio* fairly and readily assented, and promis'd his utmost aid, but *Cato*, silent and sullen, look'd on him with a brow knit, which *Popedius* observing, in a feigned fury, tooke the childe up in his armes, and held him out of the window, threatening to let him fall, unlesse hee granted his request. Notwithstanding all his threats, *Cato* still continued his silence, and his frowns; wheretupon *Popedius* set him down againe, and whispered this softly to his friends standing by. *What will this childe doe when he comes to be a man? I believe wee shall not obtaine by his consent one voice from the people of Rome.* Another prooef of his Magnanimity hee gave in the time of *Sylla*. Being about the age of fourteen, *Sarpedon* his Tuteur carried him to salute *Sylla*, who civilly and gently receiv'd him, in remembrance of the friendship he had contracted with his father. The palace of *Sylla*, was then no better then a slaughter-house, into which men were carried bound, and there suffered all kinde of wracks and tortures, and after those death it selfe. The heads of proscribed men were as commonly and openly carried in and out, as if they had belong'd to beasts: which *Cato* at severall Visits, not onely took notice of, but with all mark'd how good men sigh'd and groan'd at this cruelty, and he himselfe abhorring so bloody a Tyranny, with a resolute minde, and countenance

nance said to his Tuteur; *Why does no man kill this monster of mens?* To this Sarpedo replied, Because they fear him more then they hate him: but you answered Cato, have given me a sword that I may dispatch him, and free my Countrey from servitude. Hee uttered this with such fiercenesse, that Sarpedo after that time seldom or never presented him to Sylla, or, if he did, it was not without preparation of him by his authority, and advise.

Temperancie extolled in it selfe, and him.

From the vanquishing of outward Enemies, our method leads us to the subduing of inward, which are our passions and affections. The Conquerour of these is Temperancie, who is Natures Minion, and studies her preservation. By this Reason governes the sensuall part, tames it, and makes it endure the Bitt. Without this, our passions will violently carry us into the gulph of pleasure, out of which few or none return at all, or, if they doe, it is not without suffering of shipwrack, and extreame perill. Delights betray us with kissing, and having charm'd us into a profound sleep, we no sooner awake, but wee see our selves environ'd with Horroure and Despair, out of whose sharpe claws none ever yet escaped unwounded. In the entry to Voluptuousnesse we discerne nothing but Roses, Violets, and the prime flowers of the Spring strewed in our way, but in comming backe, wee view nothing but unked, dismal Objects of solitude, and sorrow. The comfort is incredible of those who joyfully

flie

fie into the imbraces of this Vertue, loathing and abhorring the very shadow of Intemperancie, which ugly Traytresse never leaves Youth till she hath brought them to those Precipices which she hath prepared for their destruction. The famous Oratour *Demosthenes* upbraided the *Athenians* with this folly, that they never treated of peace, but in mourning Garments, which they wore for their friends lately lost in the Warres. And this is the custome of luxurious men, they never so much as mention Sobriety, and Continencie of Life, till they are under the lash of the Physician, or the hand of Death. We are by much more vertuous, saith *Pliny*, in sicknesse then in health, wee then make God and Vertue our continuall meditation, and are no longer ruled by our passions and affections. We are not then Amorous, Ambitious, Covetous, Revengefull. Riot is like a fierce untamed Tiger, the keeping whereof is as perillous as the taking. Wee must here imitate *Ulysses*, not his followers, whom *Circes* turn'd into swine. If wee lend attēre to the inticing, ravishing voice of pleasure, we also shall be transform'd into beasts. This Vertue is exercis'd in bridelling, and restraining the inordinate appetite to meat, drinke, and Venery. The *Romans* used ever to imbowell their dead, and not to allow those ignoble parts, the panch, and guts buriall, as being the onely causers of our Dissolution. Hee is unworthy the Name, and Definition of man, who lives onely to eat. *Diogenes* called the Belly

Belly the *Charybdis* of the Life. *Musonius* the Philosopher warns us that it is decent, and behooffull that man alone, amongst all Creatures, being descended from the Gods should chiefly nourish himselfe, as they do, with contemplation, not minding food farther then to satisfy nature : Drunkennesse, and Gluttony are comprehended under excesse, who is the common mother to both.

Drunkennesse  
dispraised.

The Ancients represented to us the uglinesse of the former, by picturing *Bacchus* naked and young, to signifie unto us, that Drunkards can keepe nothing secret. As when Wine begins to worke in a Vessell, that part of it which is in the bottome mounts up to the top : so a Drunkard discloseth the secrets that lie in the very bottom of his heart. His Chariot was drawn by Lions, Leopards, and Panthers, to intimate unto us that Wine metamorphoseth them into Savage bruits, that drinke it beyond measure. They drew him clad in Goats skins, to denote the incontinencie of such. His Sacrifices were ordinarily executed by women, to argue the effemiancie of men given over to that vice.

Gluttony re-  
prehended.

Neither are Surfeits of meate lesse odious and enormous then these of drinke. What a strange and undecent sight is it to behold men lothing, and longing for meats, like women with child ? Where this Vice raignes, nothing of value can reside. As when we behold the Sun through vapours, and clouds, he appears not to us so beau-

tifull as when hee is in his full shinc, having nothing interpos'd between him, and us: so a foule charged with Repletion & Fumes that arise from excrements, and meates undigested is eclipsed, and through the mists and fogs raised by sensuality can discerne nothing subtile and generous, expressing no more harmony in her functions than we can expect from an instrument fild with Durt and Rubbish. Uncleane spirits love uncleane lodgings, as we may perceive by the Divells in the possessed man, who petition'd our Saviour that they might enter into the herd of hogs, not into Oxen, Sheep, or any other clean Beast, nourish'd with cleane food. The example of *Dives* should much terrifie these ravenous devourers, who was so cruelly tormented in his Tongue, the Organ of Tast. The devill knew man to be so prone to this sinne, that he made it the baite to catch our first Parents, and the snare wherwith he thought to hold fast our Redemer. *If thou bee the sonne of God,* said hee, *command these stones to be made bread.* *Innocentius* thus inveighes against this superfluous feeding. *Gn-la Paradisum clausit, primogenitaram Vendidit, suspendit pistorem, decollavit Baptisam, Nabuzardam Princeps coquorum Templum incendit, Hierusalem totam evertit:* Gluttony first shut up Paradise, sold the Birth-right, hang'd the Baker, beheaded St. John Baptist, Nabuzardam the Master Cooke burnt the Temple, and overthrew the Walls of Hierusalem. The frequent use of de-

licious meates and drinke amongst the *Romans*(as their *Jecur Anserimum*, their *Porcus Trojanus*, *Sunen*, *Vvedule*, *Ficedule*, *Phenicopteri*, and their generous Wines, *Cecuba*, *Falerna*, &c.) caused them to be as much censur'd by succeeding Historians, as their vertues made them admir'd. The Naturallists report, that the Sea-horse hath his heart placed in his belly, to intimate his voracity. *Phitoxenes* wished his neck were as long as a Cranes, that he might the longer feele the sweetnesse of his meate. I knew an old witty Epicure of this nation who hath often in the presence of a whole Ordinary, wish'd himselfe a Cowe, that hee might eate his meate over twice. Alas, said hee, a man hath small pleasure in feeding twice a day halfe an howre at a time, I would bee ever eating. He wished if hee must needes goe to heaven hee mought bee wound up thereth by a Jacke. All the while this glutton pamper'd his body, his soule starv'd, receiving no nutriment, bur what was uncleane and putrid. *Sminsterides* rode a wooing attended by a thousand Cooks, a thousand Fowlers, and as many Fishers. That this sin of gluttony is no solitary vice, but is ever accompanied by Incontinency. St. *Hirome* tells us. *Semper Saturatis juncta est Lascivia: Vicina igitur sunt venter, & genitalia; pro membrorum ordine ordo vitiorum.* Lasciviousnesse ever associates satirity. Therefore are the Belly, and the secrets placed close by one another, to shew that they are as neare in consequence and dependency

pendancy as in scituacion, the one feeding and maintaining the other. Wherefore they were in no error, who stiled hunger the friend of Virginity, in that it cooles the boylng blood, and renders the Flesh subject to the Spirit. Water, Fruits, and Rootes were mans first sustinance. Lord how farre is his dyet alter'd from its first simplicity? Remarkable is that saying of Alexander: *I know no better a Cooke to procure me an Appetite to my dinner, than to rise betimes, nor to my Supper, than to eate little at Dinner.* Epictetus Counsaileth us, not to decke our Rooms with Tablets and Pictures, but with Sobriety, and Temperancy; in that the former onely feed the eyes, but the later the soule, to which they are eternall Ornaments.

This our sweetly dispos'd Lord closely followed the advice of this Philosopher, who in all his Actions did nothing without the consultation, and approbation of Sobriety, and Modesty. Hee never was invited to a feast, but he diligently cal'd to minde that hee had two guests to entertaine, the body, and the soule; and that what ever he bestowed on the one, would be corrupted, and converted into Excrements; but what hee conferredred on the other would enjoy the same Eternity with it. He observ'd such a beautifull Order in all his desires, that they never ranne before, nor lagg'd behinde, but ever kept that rank in which Reason had placed them. He lived by a Rule composed, and confirm'd by either Testa-

ment, and taught his soule to affect nothing shee might not lawfully covet. Thus wee see the admirable fruit Temperancy brought forth in his mind, and will in all other wherin shee is once planted. I will give a period to the discourse of this Vertue, with the words of Prosper, who thus extolls it. *Temperantia facit abstinentem, parcum, sobrium, moderatum, pudicum, tacitum, & Verecundum.* *Hæc Virtus si in animo habitat libidines frenat affectus temperat desideria sancta multiplicat, vitiosa castigat, omnia inter nos confusa ordinat, cogitationes pravas removet, scientiam inserit, ignem libidinose cupiditatis extingugit, mentem placida Tranquilitate componit, & totam ab onni in semper tempestate Vitiorum defendit.* Temperancy makes a man abstinent, sparing, sober, moderate, chaste, silent, and modest. This Vertue once entred into the mind, bridles lust, tempers affections, multiplieth holy desires, and chastiseth the vicious, sets our confused thoughts in order, and removes the wicked ones, insereth knowledge, quencheth all libidinous flames within us, composeth and setteth the minde in a pleasing Tranquility, and evermore defends every part of it from all stormes raised by Vice.

Justice exalted in it selfe, and him.

Justice challengeth a place here, and deservedly, it being a Cardinall Vertue, and of great eminency, not only amongst the Morall, but Divine vertues also. Homer sayes, she was begotten by all the gods, so divers, and so admirable are

her effects. Cicero thus commends her to us: *Justitia Virtutis splendor est Maximus, ex qua viri boni nominamur.* Justice is the greatest splendour of virtue, from which we purchase the names of good men. Most elegantly Cassiodorus: *Justitia non novit Patrem, non novit Matrem, veritate novit, personā no accipit, Deum imitatur: Injustice knows neither Father, nor mother, she knowes Truth; she is no respector of persons, and is in that an imitator of God.* According to the strict or slacke practice of this vertue, all Common-wealths have flourish'd, or decay'd. Without her what were Man-kinde, but a confused multitude of ravenous hungry Lyons, living by rapines, and murders. This Vertue consists of two parts, the distributive, and commutative. The distributive is chiefly Regall, and appropriate to Emperours, Kings, Princes, and to all those who derive their Authority from them. The Commutative is an equall and just dealing betweene all men, of what Condition soever they be.

The former part is of greatest dignity, and acted but by a few, and they of great ranke, and quality: yet of those few how many shall we find that execute the great Offices committed to their charge by God himselfe with impartiality and equity? The difference Aristotle puts betweene a just Prince and a Tyrant is, that the aime of the former is the publicke good, the scope of the later is his owne profit. These two behold their Subjects with a different eye, no otherwise than a

Shepherd, and a Butcher looke on a sheepe to different ends, the one to preserve, the other to destroy it. A Tyrant is like *Boreas*, that ever threatens shipwrack and ruine; A just King resembles *Zephyrus*, whose breath begets plentie and sweetnesse. That a just King, or Judge ought to be a most studious, and carefull Investigator of the Truth, is taught us by the example of God himselfe, who said, *I will descend, and see whether the cry which is come unto mee be just, or no.* The Ancients pictur'd *Astraea* (whom they made a Representour of Justice) without a head, which they said was in Heaven, to signifie that Justice should not regard men, but have her eyes fixed on God. In *Athens* the Delinquents ever pleaded before the Judges with their faces covered, lest the sweetnesse of some pleasing countenance should so much move, and so farre work upon them as to make them doe injustice.

Two stupen-  
dious presi-  
dents of Ju-  
stice.

Two stupendious presidents of Justice wee have in two mighty Monarchs, *Selencus*, and *Cambyses*. *Selencus* having made a law, the transgression whereof he ordaind to be punish'd with the losse of both eyes: it most unfortunatly hap- pened that his own sonne was the first transgres- sor of it, wherupon being a most indulgent Father, and withall a most severe Justicer, to sa- tisfie the rigour of the Law, he caused one of his own eyes to be pulled out, and another of his sonnes. *Cambyses* having condemned a cruel and corrupt Judge to be flead alive, caused the chaire

of Justice to be covered with his skin, and make the sonne of this monstrous Oppressour sit, and give judgement in it, for an astonishment, and terrour to him, and all succeeding Judges. *Iunius Brutus* executed his own children, for their conspiring against the liberty of their Country. By the severe Lawes of *Draco*, which were written in bloud, when the Authour of a Crime could not be found our, even things inanimate were cited, condemn'd, throwne out of the City, banished for ever, or broken in pieces, according to the Nature of the Fact. As a Physician, or Surgeon oftentimes administers stinking and loathsome potions, nay, sometimes cuts off a limbe, and all this for the preservation of his patient: so in the body politick, a just Judge alwayes inflicts bitter punishments on the putrid, wicked members of the Common-wealthe; nay, sometimes cuts them off, having this for a State-maxime, that hee who is mercifull to the bad, is cruell to the good.

In this distributive part of Justice, no wise man can look that this our mirror of the youthfull Nobility should attaine to the least degree of perfection, since neither his few yeares admitted, nor his Prince called him to sit in the seat of Justice. In the commutative part hee was no way defective, doing to all men as hee would be done unto. In this hee strictly in all points obeyed the advice of *Seneca*: *Quisquis Justitiam settari desiderat prius Deum time, & amare, ut ameris a Deo.*

Ama-

*Amabis Deum si in hoc illum imitaberis, ut velis omnibus prædæsse, nihil nocere. Ab alio expectes quod alteri feceris. Præstabis parentibus pietatem, cognatis dilectionem, pacem cum hominibus habebis, bellum cum vitiis præstabis, amicis fident, omnibus equitatem: Whosoever thou art that desirest to follow Justice first feare, and love God, that thou mayst be beloved of God. Thou shalt shew than lovest God, if in imitation of him thou seekest to profit all, to hurt none. Expect from another what thou hast done to him. Thou shalt make an expressiōn of pietie towards thy Parents, love to thy Kinred, thou shalt have peace with all men, warre with vices, thou shalt keepe thy faith unviolated to thy friends, and observe the Lawes of Equitie towards all men.*

Prudencie  
commended  
in it selfe, and  
him.

b. What should have beeene placed in the Front, comes here in the Reare, and that is prudencie, a vertue which serves, measures, graces, and crownes all other vertues whatsoever. As amongt precious stones some are of greater prize then the rest, and by their presence impart to them a lustre: so prudencie amongst all other Vertues, is of greatest esteeme in the eyes of all men, as being to the rest a Guide, a Gage, and an Ornament. As the eye in the body is by all preferred before the other senses: so prudencie in the soule is commended above all other perfection. In the troope of Vertues she hath the most honourable charge. Prudencie gives a measure, and a Gage to every other Virtue; if not mfa-

measur'd, and directed by discretion) a needfull Care turns into an utter Despaire, a decent grief into Rage and Bitternesse, Love into Flattery, Hope into Presumption, Joy into Wantonnesse, and a just Anger into an immoderate Fury. So that wee may perceive an undiscreet vertue to be no better then a Vice. This is shee that hath ever an eye to what is past, present, and to come, and out of all three picks this advantage, that her Adversary can never surprize her unawares, or take her unprovided. Shee laughs at that usuall saying of Fools, *I had not thought.* As in the warres, though the Enemy be farre off, the Watch is still constantly set: so shee is alwayes vigilant, and hath a severall ward for every blow of Fortune. Shee is like double-faced *Ianus* looking two severall wayes at one and the same time. This all men will readily grant me, that if Fortune cause a Tempest to rage and rore, shee shall not so soon sink him, that fore-seeing the storme hath taken in his sailes, as him, who mistrusting nothing, beares them all out. Prudencie teacheth us that in this rolling, tottering World there is nothing stable, & that the best remedie against an evill is the prevention of it. To be briefe, her assistance is more necessary, cleane through all the affaires of this life, then on the Sea is the government of a Pilot, who knows not how to asswage the violence of a storme, nor to appease the fury of the Windes, nor to gaine his desired Port at his pleasure; whereas prudencie will for the

most part either prevent, or frustrate all practices that tend to her ruine. As if there were no Sun, we should live in a perpetuall darknesse, for all the comfort, and light the other Stars coald afford us: so except the beams of this bright, and radiant prudencie reflect on all our actions, and Negotiations, they will appeare dimme and sordid, notwithstanding all the light the other Vertues can lend us. This vertue was in such repute with *Agesilas*, that hee exhorted his soldiers, now ready for the combat, that they should not minde the multitude of their Enemies, but bend all their forces against *Epaminondas* their Generall; for hee once subdued, all the rest would in a trice be vanquish'd: *For, said hee, none but wise and prudent men know how to prevent a defeat, or obtain a victorie.* This Vertue eminently and superlatively appear'd in all the proceedings of Christ himself with the *Jewis* Nation. When hee had attain'd to the age of twelve yeares, hee satte in the Temple amongst the grave Doctors, questioning, answering, and instructing; and the Text witnesseth, that all who heard him stood amazed at his prudent demands and replies. Hee also deluded the Priests and Elders of the *Jewis* Synagogue, by prudently answering one question with another. When they asked him by what power hee did those Miracles? hee demanded of them, *Whence the Baptisme of John was?* When again they demanded of him if he were the Son of God? he replied, *You say that I am.* This pru-

*udence*

dencie (next to the Invocation of his Father) was the onely Engine wherewith hee defended himself against the pernicious plots of this Generation of Vipers. As no Architecture can come to perfection, without the help of the Compasses & the Rule: so stands it with Human Actions, without the aid of prudencie, none of them can receive their grace, and accomplishment. Let a man be master of all abilities imaginable, if he be not withall judicious and prudent, to make a right use of them, and to produce them in their proper times and places, they will acquire him rather shame then glory. If one could have *Aristotle* and *Seneca*, without book, and were withall injudicious, inconsiderate, & undiscreet, he would oftener purchaselaughter then applause. *Diodorus* (omitting the idle Fables of *Proteus*) informes us that hee was adopted King by the *Egyptians*, in that he excell'd all men in Wisdome, which made him so cunning in giving, and taking counsell, and in changing it with dexterity when opportunity served, that hence arose the Fable, that hee could turn himselfe into so many formes and shapes. If in his determinations hee altered any thing, you could not so properly say he chang'd as hee fitted his minde to the present occasion; as we see the hand is the same still whether it be shut or extended. Indeed the minde of a Wiseman is, as *Seneca* sayes, like the state of the World above the Moone, where there is no change. He alwayes returns home (as it is said of

*Socrates*) with the same countenance hee carried out; and, according to *Epicetus*, is like himselfe even in his dreames.

This our incomparable Child of Honour gave strong essayes to climbe the summity of this vertue, both by diligent reading, and observation of all the writings and actions of the wise. In his conversation he ever applyed himselfe to those who had deservedly gain'd a fame in good Letters, or had acquir'd wisedome by Experience; whose sage precepts, and admonitions, hee as greedily dranke in, as a thirsty Traveller doth Water from a cleare fountaine. These he made the mirror, wherein he daily dress'd, and compos'd his mind; which was a Paradise into which the Serpent never enter'd, but he receiv'd a suddaine repulse. Two times especially hee made choyse of, to prepare and examine himself, the Morning, & the Evening. In the first he forecast what was that day to bee done, in the later he call'd to minde what that day he had done. To doe good was his fixed resolution, and when he had the power to doe harme (like the true sonne of Prudency) he never had the will: whereas the Nature of a foole is, when he hath not the ability, then to have the will to doe mischiefe. This Vertue was diffused cleane through all his endeavours, nay through his very habit, gesture, and discourse; which were neither too mimical, too anticke, nor too grave, but suitable to the modesty required in so greene an Age. Impa-  
gnancy

dency (which Politicians prophanelly call the gift of God) he hated so in others, that hee never gave it countenance, nor harbour himselfe. In his Discourse he warily proportion'd his words to the bignesse of the subject he spake of : in imitation of a Mariner, that fits his Sayles to the smalnesse or vastnesse of his Vessell. As slender men lightly weare their cloaths loose, and large, a little to augment their bulke : so small wits, who want matter, enlarge themselves in words ; whereas indeed, that speech is best which comprehends most sence in fewest words ; as wee esteeme that Coyne most, which in a small compasse includes a great value. Hee was not hasty to speak, or in speaking, but in both prudently observ'd a decency. He was very carefull not onely what he vented, but what hee heard, that it relished not of Immodesty, Levity, or Vice ; for he held that, what ever it was, a villany to act, it was also a villany to harken to. Hee talked alwayes opportunely, and appositively, never above his knowledge. He derided those who with a great dinne utter'd nothing but high profound Non-sence, resembling in that the Cyppresse trees, which are great, and tall, but beare no fruit. A visit given to a wise, but sick man, by one of these babbling, curious impertinents, afflicts him more than his disease. His owne secrets, those of his friends, or of the state, he neither reveal'd, nor pryed into ; for he was sure he could at any time speake what he had conceal'd,

but he could not conceale what he had once spoken. *En la boca cerrada no entra (sayes the Spanish Proverbe) Into a mouth closed a Flie never enters.* Hee had happily read, or heard, that *Anacharsis* the Philosopher was accustomed to sleep with his right hand on his mouth; and his left on his secrets, being of opinion, that the Tongue more than Concupiscence needed a bridle. Not to be tedious, I may boldly, because truely, averre that Prudency was the generall of his Demeanour, Speech, and Actions, and gaue to all of them a Wise and safe Conduct.

## His Death.

You see, pious Reader, what embellishment, what Ornaments his Life, like a sparkling Jewell, was set with; and I imagine you cannot believe so faire a beginning could have a foule end. You cannot surely beat once so stupid, and uncharitable: If you can, you shall quickly be convinc'd of your Errour, and shall see this Sun-set, with the same glory in which he rose. First, in his sicknesse that led to his death he made use of his patience, a Virtue which miraculously overcomes by yielding. As he would not shunne his death, so he would not hasten it, but used all lawfull, and possible meanes to prevent it; no otherwise than the Master of a Ship, who when the sayles are rent asunder, the Mast cut downe by the boarde, and a Leake sprung in the ship, yet still labours for life, and leaves no way unsought to preserve it. But when hee saw his in-

## His Patience.

con-

constant Mistresse, *Nature*, ready to abandon him, and that as well Necessity forced, as God calld him hence: then selfe-love, the Lifes Jay-lour could no longer with-hold him from readily running into the Armes of Death, who he knew would soone usher him into the imbraces of his Saviour. He beheld Death no otherwise then a Pilot does the Winds and the Sayles, that will bring him to his desired Haven. He endured the terrible approach, and the furious assaults of Death with so undaunted a resolution of a man, and so firme unmoved a beliefe of a Christian, that he became at once a pleasing, and sad spectacle to his friends, who believed he could not so patiently undergoe such paine and torments, without the extraordinary assistance of some Beatificall vision. We see many in the darke are afraid of every thing, but the comfortable light expells all feare: so it is for those who are blinded with the Mist Atheisme, and Impiety, have cast before their eyes to doubt, and tremble: security becomes such as live and dye in the true Light, and are illustrated with the beames of Gods favour, as was this Patient of Heaven, who not being curable here, was thither-to be translated. Before the comming of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, they feared Death, and forsooke their Lord, but when they were once illuminated from above, they undauntedly appear'd before Tyrants, and constantly suffer'd Martyrdome. Having sent his desires long

long before to cast Anchor in Heaven, hee longingly expected his owne passage with a calme, patient, and contented minde, wherein no dis temper ever stay'd, but as an unwelcome stranger. At length when he perceived all his sensses were ready to forsake him, being innocently ambitious to retaine to the last his knowledge of all things, he suddenly by a holy Art drew the vastnesse of his memory into a Compendium, and remembred God onely in whom are all things, in whose Fatherly eternall protection we confident, and submissively leave him.

Two things  
to bee lamented  
in his  
Death.

His infortuni-  
ty in dying so  
immaturely in  
the Reigne of  
so gracious a  
Prince.

In this bud of Honour two things are deservedly to be lamented. First that it dyed under the hand of a Royall Gardner, who meant to underprop and cherish it: Secondly, that it so soone faded.

All men will confess his infortunacy was great in departing this life in the Reigne of a Prince great in the Union of the Roses, greater in that of the Lawrells, but greatest of all in the love of his people. He knowes full well, that full ill it went with man-kind if the Almighty Maker of all things should confine his favour to one onely, and neglect the rest of Humanity, and therefore as a god on earth (in imitation of the Heavenly) distributes his favours amongst all his subjects, but not *eodem gradu*, because they are not *ejusdem meriti*. Like the Sunne, he strives to impart the light of his countenance to all, and whither his beatnes cannot reach, thi-  
ther

ther his warmth extends. Though all cannot enjoy the honour of his presence, all are sharers in the comfort of his benefits. We are no t more happy in living, than this brave deceased Lord was unfortunate in immaturity dying under so gracious a King, diligent in the search after desert, and magnificent in rewarding it, who in all probability (upon a proofe made of his faith, and merit) might in him have raised his whilome great House to that Height from which Tyranny unmercifully threw it downe. I say to the same Height, not the same Titles.

As concerning the immaturity of his Death, I willingly acknowledge the suddaine, unexpected deprivation of one so deare, and so hopefull, must needs be bitter, and grievous to all those whom blood, friendship, or acquaintance had link'd to him. Yet ought they not to grieve immoderately, the sorrow of a Christian being by Christ himselfe bounded, and confin'd. Wee may deplore the absence of our departed friends, but we must not too much bewayle their deaths, because they are with God. As not to feele sorrow in sad chances is to want sence; so not to beare it with moderation, is to lack understanding, since it is fit that griefe should rather bewray a tender then a dejected minde. The effects of our sorrow must not too long out-live the cause. We moyster not the earth with pretious Waters; they were distill'd for nobler ends, either by their Odour to delight us, or

The immaturity of his Death.

by their operation to preserve our health. Our Teares are Waters of too high a price to be prodigally powred into the dust of any Graves. But we unwisely court sorrow, and as a Lover alwaies espyes something in his Mistris that in his opinion exalts her above her Sexe; so wee labour to finde out causes for our excessive griefe, and to prove our present losse unequall'd, though indeed, it have many paralells. As the light handling of a Nettle makes it sting us, but the hard griping of it prevents that harme; so wee should not stroke and cherish our grieves, but out of Divinity and Humanity compose a probe that may search them to the quicke. Hee who heateth an Iron, takes it not out by that part which the fire hath enflamed, but by that end which remained without. Nor should wee take our afflictions by the wrong end, but if wee can finde any comfort to arise from them, wee should discreetly lay hold on that. Hee who comes into a Rosary, findes every Rose guarded with innumerable Thorns, yet he warily gathers the one without being pricked by the other. The most bitter accident hath a graine of sweetnesse and Consolation in it, which a wise man extracts, and leaves the Gall behind.

To apply this; out of the subitary death of this Noble Gentleman wee may cull many comforts. True it is, that Death is sayd to kill the old by Maturity, and the young by Treachery, and that unripe, untimely ends, are by all ex-  
preably

creamly pittied ; but if we will harken to Reason, issuing out of the mouths of the most profound Philosophers, she will tell us that brevity of Life is to be preferred before longevity. If we will give beliefe to *Seneca*, he will assure us that Nature never bestowed a greater Benefit on man than shortnesse of Life, it being so full of Cares, Feares, Dangers, and Miseries, that Death is become the Common wish of all men afflicted. He who dyes soone, should no more complaine than he whose Navigation in a rough troubled sea is quickly ended. We account not those the best trees that have withstood the rage of many Winters, but those who in the least time have borne the most fruit. Not hee who playes longest, but sweetliest on an Instrument is to bee Commended. Compared with Eternity, the longest and the shortest Life differ not. Life is not a constant Fountaine, but a fickle Floud that quickly rises, and as suddainly falls. Some have compared life to a Bird in a Childe's hand, which sometimes flies away before hee can well fasten his hold on it. By the vertue of that Organ wherewith wee first behold the shine of the sun, by the defect of the same we are brought into the darknesse and shadow of death. It is so, it is so, Hee that built this faire Fabricke would have nothing stable, and permanent in it but himselfe. This goodly, rationall, subtle creature, Man, above the Stars themselves, and next to

Brevity of life  
to be prefer-  
red before  
Longevity.

God himselfe in Dignity , able to penetrate into the deepest secrets of Nature, to observe the motions of the heavens, & to compasse both heaven and Earth in a thought, is onely immortall here below by succession; Generation being as restless as corruption. *Themistocles* rightly affirmes that no creature is so miserable as Man , in that none but he knows the use of life, yet when with great studie and industry , hee hath attain'd to that knowledge, he is by death depriv'd both of life and it together. Age brings to us experience in one hand , and Death in the other. *Inst were the teares, and sweet was the Humanity,* saith Pliny, of that Royall and youthful\* Græcian, who wept to thinke that not one of that glorious immense Army hee then commanded should survive one Age. Such a gentle commiseration of humane frailty made *Auselme* thus cry out. *O durus Casus ! Hen ! quid perdit homo ? quid invenit ? perdidit beatitudinem ad quam factus est, & invenit mortem , ad quam factus non est.* O hard hap ! Alas ! What did man lose ? What did he finde ? Hee lost the blessednesse to which he was made, and found death to which he was not made. Shal then the valiant, & the learned have a harder fate then fools, in so soon parting with those Crownes which Mars and Apollo have placed on their heads ? shall they so suddenly be deprived of the comfort of that faire Fame which with bloud , and sweat, with fasting and watching they have purchas'd ? Yes, yes, *Cesar* shall never terrifie the *World* again with his valour

\* Xerxes.

lour, nor *Cicero* charme it with his eloquence. The sword of the one, and the pen of the other have now with their Lords the same eternall and unprofitable rest. Alas, alas, Mans is as brittle as glasse, but not so conserueable. As he encreases in growth, his life decreases. As whether one sleeps, or wakes in a ship under saile he is insensibly, as it were, carried away towards his intended Port; so what ever we are doing, we unawares sail towards the region of death. Time deals with man Arithmetically; He first addes to his Beauty, and multiplies his Graces, and then hee substracts all these, and makes a long lasting Division between him and Nature. It were strange, if we should think wee shall never arrive there, whither wee are ever going. *Plutarch* writes of creatures in a certain part of the Worl'd which are borne in the morning, are in their prime at noon, grow aged towards the evening, and are dead ere night. Had these reasonable soules as wee have, they would have also the same passions. They would after our womanish custome lament their untimely death who die before noon, esteeme them happy that live till the evening, and yet bewaile them too who depart at night. Our fond whining were seasonable, and to purpose, if it could prevent the death of our friends, or call them from the dead; but it savours of a vain, foolish arrogant ambition to desire they should be privileged, and exempted from the fatall, common condition of Mankinde, since wee cannot be ignorant

God hath set  
down a pe-  
riod, beyond  
wh ch Nature  
her selfe shall  
not passe.

This World  
compared to a  
Theatre.

norant that God hath set down a period beyond which Nature her self shal not passe. Nothing representeth better to us this world then a theater; wheron one acts a King, another a Lord, a third a Magistrate; others again play the base servil parts of fools, messengers, & mutes. Some of them stay, stare, strut, & look big a long time on the Stage; others only shew themselvs, & without speaking one word, as soon as they come on go off againe; to conclude, all have their *Exits*: So we poore Mortals who are sent by our provident omnipotent Creator into this world, to undergo several charges (some wherof are honorable, some ignominious) have al an egress out of this life, as wel as an ingress allotted us. Some a long time be at this earthly Stage with the Majestie of a Tragedian; others are fools & sneak up & down to the laughter of all men; others again lie manacled, bed-rid, or (which is the worst of Fates) distracted. Some no sooner enter but they go out again, as did that child in the besieged, depopulated, desolate town of *Saguntum*, who by an instinct of Nature, no sooner put his head out of his Mothers wombe, but he pull'd it in again, as divining the approaching destruction of his Citie and himself. To continue the similitude; As hee who acted an Emperor (the Play once done) is no better then he who represented a slave: so the Grave, as *Horace* saith, equals all, the King & the Beggar. Pertinently to this *S. Ambrose*, *We are born naked, saith he, and die naked; & there is no difference between the carcas- ses of the rich, and the poore, save that the former stinke*

stinke worse through a repletion with excrements, which sursets of delicious fare have left behinde. This world is Deaths region, about it as a triumpher over all flesh he rides his circuit. Since then his coming is so necessary, so inevitable, whether he comes in the dawne, the noon, or twilight of life, let us bid him welcome. What should hinder us to doe so I cannot tell; since as there is no ship but in one Voyage or other dasheth not against some hidden rock, or shelf: so the most happy life is not free from infinite crosses and disasters. Yet though every man knows the inconveniences & perils of this life, saith S. Austin, and that he must once die, yet all men seeke to shun, and defer the houre of death; not onely the heathen, but they to who believe the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. To our reproch the holy Father spake this; for though it be no shame for a Gentile to fear death, whose onely scope of life is to see and be seen, to know & be known; yet to a Christian it is, whose aime and desire should be not onely to serve God faithfully here, but also to raigne gloriously with him hereafter. What is necessarily to be done, a wiseman does voluntarily; let us not therefore with the foolish Tyrant in *Lucian*, either with tears, prayers, or bribes vainly think to perswade inexorable Death, but wisely consider that wee are neither the first, nor the last; All have gone before, and must follow us. Nay, not a man dies, that hath not at the same time many to accompany him, who arrive at the house of Death by severall waies. Life is a due debt to God and Na-

Nature, as long as we have it, we enjoy a benefit, when wee are deprived of it wee have no wrong. Let us then daily render it backe to him that gave it, since hee is a bad debtor who unwillingly payes. As a Scouldier, the signe once given, readily obeys the command of his Generall, and armed at all poynts, followes him through all Dangers, and faceth Death himselfe : so must we chearefully obserue the very Beck of our Heavenly Commander, and through all miseries and destruction it selfe make our way to him. Death should be no longer formidable to us, since our Redeemer hath taken out his sting, and hee is now no other then an old toothlesse Dragon. It is a foolish thing to delight in sleep, and abhorre Death, sleepe being onely a continuall imitation of it. Hee that seriously contemplates the priviledges, and advantages that accompany a Christian Death, will be in love with it. It is the Refuge of the afflicted, and the end of all earthly evils. It takes not life from us, but presents it to the custodie of Eternity. It is not an end but an intermittance of life, nor no longer a punishment, but a Tribute, and we are gainers by it. As he who hath a long time layne in a darke dungeon, is beyond imagination joyfull when he comes to the light : so the soule when shee is freed from the vapours and clouds in which the flesh involv'd her is ravish'd with delight. While shee is yet in the body, though her ambition reach at Heavens,

Death to a  
Christian not  
a punishment,  
but a tribute.

yet is shee still clogg'd with that heavy masse of earth, and cannot so nimblly and nobly operate as she would. She may fitly be call'd the Guest, and the Body the Host, that makes her pay dearly for her clayie lodging. For if a Magistrate be vexed and busied to subdue and pacifie the Rebels of a seditious Citie, needs must the soule be troubled and afflicted, who hath a harder office assign'd her, which is to bridle, and restrain the vicious, inordinate, dissolute affections which are inseparable adjuncts to her while shee hath a conjunction with the body.

The prerogatives of Death being so many, and so certaine, let us no longer condole the decease of this our compleatly noble Friend, but congratulate his happy departure hence, and his safe arrivall in the Imperiall Heaven. When *Procillus Inflius* had reported to the Romans that hee had seene *Romulus*, and that assuredly hee was a God, a Wonder it was, *Faith Lizing*, how much they gave credit to this Tale, and how greatly the misse of *Romulus*, both amongst the Commons, and Souldiers, was by this belief of his Immortalitie digested. Much more should our sorrow be mittigated by the confidence we have that this our blessed Friends soule is ascended to him from whom it descended. When Brasse or Gold is melted to make the Statue of some great deserving Man, wee say not that the Mettall is lost, but dignified: In like case when a Body is turn'd into its first Principles, Dust, and Ashes,

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Nature, as long as we have it, we enjoy a benefit, when wee are deprived of it wee have no wrong. Let us then daily render it backe to him that gave it, since hee is a bad debtor who unwillingly payes. As a Sculdier, the signe once given, readily obeys the command of his Generall, and armed at all poynts, followes him through all Dangers, and faceth Death himselfe : so must we chearefully observe the very Beck of our Heavenly Commander, and through all miseries and destruction it selfe make our way to him. Death should be no longer formidable to us, since our Redeemer hath taken out his sting, and hee is now no other then an old toothlesse Dragon. It is a foolish thing to delight in sleep, and abhorre Death, sleepe being onely a continuall imitation of it. Hee that seriously contemplates the priviledges, and advantages that accompany a Christian Death, will be in love with it. It is the Refuge of the afflicted, and the end of all earthly evils. It takes not life from us, but presents it to the custodie of Eternity. It is not an end but an intermittance of life, nor no longer a punishment, but a Tribute, and we are gainers by it. As he who hath a long time layne in a darke dungeon, is beyond imagination joyfull when he comes to the light : so the soule when shee is freed from the vapours and clouds in which the flesh involv'd her is ravish'd with delight. While shee is yet in the body, though her ambition reach at Heaven,

Death to a  
Christian not  
a punishment,  
but a tribute.

yet is shee still clogg'd with that heavy masse of earth, and cannot sonimly and nobly operate as she would. She may fitly be call'd the Guest, and the Body the Host, that makes her pay dearly for her clayie lodging. For if a Magistrate be vexed and busied to subdue and pacifie the Rebels of a seditious Citie, needs must the soule be troubled and afflicted, who hath a harder office assign'd her, which is to bridle, and restrain the vicious, inordinate, dissolute affections which are inseparable adjuncts to her while shee hath a conjunction with the body.

The prerogatives of Death being so many, and so certaine, let us no longer condole the decease of this our compleatly noble Friend, but congratulate his happy departure hence, and his safe arrivall in the Imperiall Heaven. When *Procus Julius* had reported to the *Romans* that hee had seene *Romulus*, and that assuredly hee was a God, a Wonder it was, saith *Livie*, how much they gave credit to this Tale, and how greatly the misse of *Romulus*, both amongst the Commons, and Soldiers, was by this belief of his Immortalitie digested. Much more should our sorrow be mittigated by the confidence we have that this our blessed Friends soule is ascended to him from whom it descended. When Brasse or Gold is melted to make the Statue of some great deserving Man, wee say not that the Mettall is lost, but dignified: In like case when a Body is turn'd into its first Principles, Dust, and Ashes,

N

we

wee who have an eye to the glorious Resurrection of it, thinke not it is utterly ruin'd, but dissolv'd to be refin'd. As in the Eclipse of the Sunne or Moone, wee nothing at all wonder, or grieve, because wee know either Starre will resume its former splendour: So wee who are conscious of the divine promise of Immortality should undismay'd, believe the death of this our honour'd friend, no other then a passage to a better eternall life. I wil conclude with this double consolation to all his Honourers. First, that hee died with that matchlesse comfort, *The love of all men*, and heard yet living, the judgement men would passe on him dead, and was, as it were, present with Posterity. Secondly, that whereas here hee ranne a perpetuall hazard, in that hee carried a heavenly Treasure in an Earthy Vessel, hee now lives in an unmoved Securitie, and that Treasure is enclosed in a Magazine to which the Heavens are Walls, and the Angels Warders. It is now high time to cover this sweet, beautifull issue, who with the Rose and Violet is lay'd downe to sleepe in the Bosome of his first Mother the Earth, and shal enjoy, though it may be not so suddaine, yet as certaine a Spring as they, and which is more, an everlasting.

**FINIS.**

Epi-

Elegies.



ELLEGIES  
V P O N  
THE DEATH  
O F T H E  
LAST LORD  
STAFFORD.

A S over-rich-men find it bader farre  
At employ what they possess, then poore men are;  
Such is the state of those who write of thee,  
whilst in that larger field displaid they see  
All objects which may helpe invention in,  
They know not where to end, where to begin.  
And as into this Labyrinth they fall,  
Loth to omit the least praise, lose them all.  
Then whilst some stile thee with the glorious name  
Of lineall heire to Mighty Buckingham,  
And cels the greatnessse of thy line that springs  
From such as could raise up, and throw downe Kings  
Ile not looke backe; but with the Indians runne  
To meeke and court thee, as my rising Sunne.  
My offrings to thy mem'ry shall be seene,  
In telling what thou wert, or wouldest have beene.

P

Why

*The Life of the late*

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Elegies.

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O F T H E  
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At employ what they posseſſ, then poore men are;  
Such is the ſtate of thoſe who write of thee,  
Whilſt in that larger field diſplaide they ſee  
All objeſts which may helpe invention in,  
They know not where to end, where to begin.  
And as into this Labyrinth they fall,  
Loth to omit the leaſt praife, loſe them all.  
Then whilſt ſome ſtyle thee with the glorious name  
Of lineall heire to Mighty Buckingham,  
And tell the greatnesse of thy line that ſprings  
From ſuch as could raife up, and throw downe Kings  
Ile not looke backe; but with the Indians runne  
To meeke and court thee, as my riſing Sunne.  
My offrings to thy mem'ry ſhall be ſeene,  
In telling what thou werſt, or wouldſt have beeſe.

P

Why

## Elegies.

Why say I wouldst? when the most jealous eye  
Could find no man, though in his infancy,  
Which some say promisst much; this I disdaine,  
For where the gifts are, promises are vaine;  
Since in this noble youth who did not see  
The old mans wisdome, young mans industrie?  
An humble Majesty, that could tell how  
To scorne a league with pride; yet make it bow.  
whose courage was not in extremes like ours;  
With ebs and flowes, causd by the passions powers:  
But was a constant ever grafied love  
To blessed goodnesse, and the powers above.  
who though he joyed in this fraile mortall life,  
As one whose soule had felt no ingor'd strife:  
Nor labour'd with impatiencie, haft like some  
To breake their prison ere the freedome come.  
Yet when he ever seeing power had found  
So faire a flowre planied in barren ground;  
whose glorious beauties which that frame inspir'd,  
Were envied more then followed or admir'd:  
Resolv'd to take what he had onely leane,  
As giving him reward, vs punishment;  
Then death was welcome, and he so resign'd  
(Not feeling griefe to leave, nor feare to find)  
That such his passing was as might be said,  
Whilst he staid here, he liv'd not, but obey'd  
That happy call, which all cloare soules expect,  
Whose doublfull states are chang'd to be elect,  
Let then such friends as mourne the sad decay  
Of his great house, in him the onely stay,  
Lift up their wondring eyes and for him looke  
In Angels Quires, not in a Heralds Booke.

## Elegies.

Yet though his roote be taken hence to plants,  
Where heavenly moisture it can never wanke;  
There yet remaines a branch shall ever shine  
Engrafted in the noble Howards line.

John Beaumont.



### Vpon the Death of the most hopefull the Lord STAFFORD.

**M**ust then our Loves be short still? Must we  
Not to enjoy & onely admire, and loose? (choose  
Must Axioms hence grow sadly understood,  
And methus see, Tis dangerous to be good?  
So Bookes begunne are broken off, and we  
Receive a fragment for an History;  
And, as 'twere present wealth, what was but debt,  
Lose that, of which we were not Owners yet;  
But as in bookes, that want the closing line,  
We onely can conjecture, and repine:  
So must we heere too onely grieve, and guesse,  
And by our fancy make, what's wanting, less.  
Thus when rich webs are left unfinished,  
The Spider doth supply them with her ibred.  
For tell me what addition can be wrought  
To him, whose Youtb was even the bound of i bought;

## Elegies.

whose buddings did deserve the Robe, whiles we  
In smoothnesse did the deeds of wrinkles see :  
When his state-monage might have beene thought fit,  
To breake the custome, and allow'd to sit ?  
His actions veild his age, and could not stay  
For that which we call ripenesse, and just day.  
Others may waite the staffe, and the gray-haire,  
And call that wisedome, which is onely Feare,  
Christen a coldnesse, temp'rance, and then boast  
Full and Ripe Vertue, when all action's lost :  
This is not to be noble, but be slacke :  
A Stafford ne're was good by th' Almanacke.  
He, who thus stayes the season, and expects,  
Doth not gaine habits, but disguise defects.  
Heere Naiure ouistrips Culture : He came try'd ;  
Strait of himselfe at first, not rectifi'd :  
Manners so pleasing, and so handsome cast,  
That still that overcame, that was shewne last :  
All mindes were captiv'd thence, as if i had bee  
The same to him, & above beeene low'd, and seene.  
Had he not bin snatchd thus, what drive hears now  
Into his nets, would have driven Cities too :  
For these his Essaies, which beganto win, (within,  
Were but bright sparkes, which shew'd the Mine  
Rude draughts unto the picture ; things we may  
Stile the first beames of the encreasing day ;  
Which did but onely great discoveries bring,  
As outward coolenesse shewes the inward spring.  
Nor were his actions, to content the sight,  
Like Artists Pieces plac'd in a good light,  
That they might take at distance, and obtrude  
Something unto the eye that might delude :

His

## Elegies.

His deeds did all most perfect then appeare,  
When you obseru'd, view'd close, and did stand neere.  
For could there ought else spring from him, whose  
From which he sprung, was rule, & discipline, (line  
Whose Vertues were as Bookes before him set,  
So that they did instruct, who did beget,  
Taught thence not to be powerfull, but know,  
Shewing he was their blood by living so.  
For, where as some are by their bigge lippe knowne,  
Others b' imprinted, burning swords were showne:  
So they by great deeds are, from which bright fame,  
Engraves free reputation on their name:  
These are their Native markes, and it hath bin  
The Staffords lye, to have their signes within.  
And though this firme Hereditary good,  
Might boasted be, as flowing with the blood,  
Yet he nere grapt this stay: But as those, who  
Carry perfumes about them still, scarce doe  
Themself perceiue them, though anothers sense  
Sucke in th' exhaling odours: so he thence  
Ne'r did perceiue he carry'd this good smell,  
But madenew still by doing himselfe well.  
T' embalme him then is waine, where spreading fame  
Supplies the want of spices; where the Name,  
It selfe preserving, may for Ointments passe;  
And he, still seene, he coffind as in glasse.  
Whiles thus his bud dims full flowres, and his sole,  
Beginning doth reproach anothers whole,  
Comming so perfect up, that there must needes  
Have beeene found out new Titles for new deeds;  
Though youth, and lawes forbid, which will not let  
Statues be rais'd, or him stand Brasen: yet

## Elegies.

Our mindes recaine this Royalty of Kings,  
Nor to be bound to time, but judge of things,  
And worship, as they merit : there we doe  
Place him at height, and he stands golden too.  
A comfort, but not equall to the croffe,  
A faire remainder, but not like the losse :  
For he, that last pledge, being gone, we doe  
Not onely lose the Heire, but th' honour too.  
Set we up then this boast against our wrong,  
He left no other signe, that he was young :  
And, spight of fate, his living vertues will,  
Though he be dead, keepe up the Barony still.

Will. Cartwright.

## On the much lamented Death of the Lord Stafford.

TIS not i'enbalme his name or crowne his herse,  
That our sad thoughts flow in our eyes & verse.  
Or i' adde a lustre to his dimmed name,  
Which onely now myt shine in Heaven and Fame.  
This were to hold a taper out by night,  
And cry, thus shone the glorious Suns faire lights :  
To view his rising splendor at our noone,  
Were in a shadow to set out the Sun.  
Nor doe we Cypress bring in hope of Bayes  
(As death makes many Poets now a dayes)  
Our teares flow by instinct, and a cold frost  
Seazing our Palse-joynis told what was lost

Before,

## Elegies.

Before the far all knell, not a dirge sung,  
Nere a sad peale of Elegies was sung.  
No bearded wonder, or propheticke flame,  
Vþber'd the ruine of his house and name:  
Yet then we melteth in a chilling sweat,  
And every fainting brest did something threat.  
Not each dayes wonder, some strange newes come  
Creeping upon us, like the generall doome;  
And this is Staffords death, in his owne fall  
A world of people felt their funerall,  
And lost a being they nere had: for he  
Writ not a man, but House, or familie.  
Thus have I seene a little silken clew  
Of compleated twisst, at the first view  
Comprised in a palme, but ravel'd our,  
And drawne to lines, the ihread will winde about  
Countries or townes. Great shadie the fate was thine,  
Who by the issue of thy Noble line,  
Might soone haue peopled Kingdomes; but thy all  
Is now wound up in a small urne, or ball:  
And all thy vertues in sad weedes doelye,  
Onely spun out into thy memory.  
Thus haue we lost what goodness we knew to dwell  
In flesh and clay, more worth then we dare tell.  
As for an Epitaph upon his bone,  
Write this-- Here lie a thousand Lords in one.

Geo. Zouch. A.M.N.C.Ox.

On |

Elegies

On the Death of the Noble Lord  
STAFFORD.

Others to Staffords Herse Encomiums give,  
Not that his worth, but that their wit may live  
My Muse haue no such aime; it is lesse praise  
To beare Apollo's, when his fun'rall Bayes.  
Nor is't the Lord I mourne; what is't to me  
Who am no Herald, if a Baron die?  
I doe not hope for fees; I me none of those  
That pay downe teares for legacies, or clothes.  
My solemn griefe flames in a Nobler side,  
Soone as I heard one so well qualifi'd,  
Had put off clay, the fright (not newes) strucke deepe,  
And made my eye of Understanding weepe.  
He was no Pagiant Courtier, such as can  
Onely make legs like a fine Gentleman.  
Though's outside shew'd all that the nicer eye  
Of critique Madams could desire to see:  
Yet was his soule more gay, his ample brest  
Was in a silken disposition drest.  
And with Heroicke habits richly lin'd;  
The Vertues had no wardrob, but his mind.  
As to Honours, and the Lands, so he alone  
The worth of all his Ancestours did owne.  
And yet that He is dead; so dead, that here  
Is nought preserves his name, but's tombe, & sheire.  
That

## Elegies.

That Noble Stocke is spent ! injurious Fate ;  
To make a House so ancient desolate !

Felton kill'd Englands George, and with his  
Onely not cut the thred of others life. (knife)  
We had some comfort left in that his blood  
Was not quite spilt ; after his fall he stood  
Transcrib'd in pretty Emblems, which we all  
Read as true Copies of ib' Originall.

But none survives this Phænix : 'tis our woe  
To have this Sunne not set but put out too.  
The Gard'ner weepes not when his Lillies die,  
If they their seed leave as a Legacie.  
But shoud an onely Flower, the Gardens gem,  
Wither in her full pride, and of her stem  
Bequeath no slip, the poore mans eyes each plot  
Of ground would wee, without his water-pot,  
No wonder 'tis that reverend Arundell,  
And other Lords doe groane ouer Staffords knell :  
Since, at his fall, a Race of Heroes dyed,  
which can't but by Creation be supply'd.

Ri. West.

Q      On

## Elegies.

### On the Death of the Lord STAFFORD.

VVhat i trust to tisles? shame i our hopes ther's  
<sup>(gone,</sup>  
One who was, none can say how many a one.  
Muses, you are too few, to waite on's Ghost,  
wandring in sorry Sheeves to tell what's lost.  
His Peerelesse Body earth'd, some eyes may weepe,  
As if they had never seene him but asleepe.  
But those who view'd, with somewhat more ihen eye,  
The finer beauties of thy mind, put by  
The grieve of seares, and call iheir Consistory  
Of inward Powers to lament thy story.  
Perfection, which might tempt the Scribes of Fate  
To voluntary penance; force their hate  
Recoyle upon themselves; to Nature sware  
Rebatement of such rigour: Was't not severe  
To cast the blackenesse of dead night so soone  
On Noble lustre entring into noone?  
How is deluding Heav'n thus pleas'd to whet  
Our hopes for Harvest, and then blight the wheate?  
This was not all, great Ghost we connot free  
Thee from contempt of sad Mortalitie.  
Thou thoughtst enough, thy star should guide the wise  
To honour, which thy selfe meant to despise.  
Thy high-borne Spirit ripening into Man,  
Deem'd that so scant a measure must needs span  
Short

## Elegies.

Short of thy merit : so sliding out o' th' soule  
Of earthly Ties, thou wouldest shift thy soule.  
But yet me thinkes, though Heav'n envy our soule  
Such vertuous Simples ; Mercy shouldest not spoile  
*A Garden*, of it's onely verdant pride,  
Vnill some hopefull plants were set beside.  
The pluckt-up Olive ; that the same sweete weine  
Might spring and flourish in high bloud againe.  
Our stocke of Honour's is rooted up yet greene,  
whose draughti's uncoppyed must no more be seene :  
*An ancient house* in this new rubbish lyes,  
Here urn'd the ashes of whole Families.  
As if the Church in need of Ornaments,  
Should hence her number have of monuments ?  
Proud exercise of Sextons, who dare live  
By fatall dust, and looke that piety give  
To see this Shrine, and know that in this One,  
There liv'd and dy'd a Generation.  
No member of a Tribe, who fils this Tombe,  
He's Sepulchre of Staffords name, in whom  
*A Race and Field is lost, a Pedegree*  
And Catalogue of Heroes —  
Could not presaging feares (which oft divine  
Ith' fall of one, the sinking of a Line)  
Move one yeares haste, to sow in Hymen's bed  
Some seed, which when thou ere-er're; gathered ;  
In living buds might fresh and growing save  
The Grand-fire trunke from rotting in a grave ?  
But since the closing of thine eyes alone,  
Wink's many glorious Tapers into none ;  
We waile thy death, more thy Virginity,  
we lose in that, in this posterity.

## Elegies.

Thy soule might still have liv'd, in others breath,  
whose single life, is now a numerous death.

### Io. Castillion.

#### On the most immature Death of the late young Lord Stafford, the last Baron of that Family.

V Hat Nemesis? what envious fate  
Still waites on those who answereate  
Their yeares by vertue, and behind  
Cast slow pac't age with swiftest mind?  
So wise nature shortest day  
Allomes to things which post away.  
The long liv'd Olive tree of peace,  
And Lawrell slowly doe increase,  
But the early pledge of Spring  
The Primrose soone is withering.  
So Cetes oft with too much haste,  
Her yellow dangling lockes doth waste,  
And having rose too soone from bed  
Before night hangs her drowsie head.  
O see what hopes (which rais'd were high)  
To agravate our misery)  
Now blasted, as a starre which shone  
New shot from Heaven, are flit and gone.  
Have you seenne a Pine tree proud,  
Her head invested in a cloud,

which

## Elegies.

which he far all axe hath browne,  
or the giddy whirlwind blowne.  
whilst ih' Hamadryades with floods,  
Of teares doe drowne their mournfull woods ;  
And Sylvan his espoused Queene  
Lamentis, faire, hopefull, fresh, and greene.

Have you seene a vessell trim  
Upon the smiling Sea to swim,  
whose sayles doe gently swell with aire  
Of many a Merchants zealous prayer,  
O never ship with greater pride  
Did on a wairy mountaine ride,  
But strait a blustering storme doth rise  
And dasheth her against the skies,  
Then on a rocke her glory teares  
No shrikes nor cryes nor clamours heares.

Or have you seenie but newly borne,  
The rosy-finger'd fairest morne  
whilest the sprighifull Sayres play,  
And leape to see the golden ray,  
But then a sullen cloud this light  
Turn's to a darke and dismal night,

These were Emblems of thy fall,  
Nobleſt Stafforſt, ſo I de call  
Vertue, by this name ſhe's knowne,  
And is more proper then her owne.

But which deeper wounds, with thee  
Dy'd thy ſtem and Baronie,  
As that Nymph which by the Pine  
Liv'd, and with the ſame doth life resigne.

When the Deluge did deface  
The booke of nature, humane race

## Elegies.

Reprinted was, and found supply  
From the floating Library.

But of Stafford wh<sup>e</sup> have lost all  
Both transcript, and originall,  
Onely some margent notes are left  
To tel's of what we are bereft.

Here multa desunt, which to fill  
Passeith the learned Criticks skill.

But as in ruin'd abbyes we  
Admire their faire deformity:

And doe build up thoughts from thence,

To reach the first magnificence,

So yet of Staffords house doe stand

Some sacred reliques, which command

Our rev'rence, and by these we see

What was his noble Pedigree,

Whose earthly armes inter'd doe ly,

But soule plac't in th' aetheriall skie,

Shines with star blaz'd nobility.

Charles Mason.

On

## Elegies.



### On the Death of the Right Honorable Lord, the Lord STAFFORD, being the last of that Noble Family.

**V**Nseasonable Fate, vexe not our sence  
With Balefull sorrowes, due forty yeares hence;  
Must Stafford needs expire at twenty four,  
Because in goodnessse onely he's three score?  
So have we seene the morning Sun, to lay  
His glory downe, and make a rainie day.  
Trust me, ye Destinies, it was unjust  
So soone to lay his honour in the dust.

But we doe fixe our sorrowes as upon  
A private case, when't is a publicke one;  
And weepe (alas) as yet, but with one eye,  
If but for one we weepe; why here doth lie,  
Not my Lord onely, but a Family.  
No, no! he's but the Center-point, from whence  
Our grones, and sighes fetch their Circumference;  
Here we must teach our eye to drop a teare,  
Even for the losse of those who never were:  
Griefes mysterie! we must for those be sad  
Who lose a being which they never had.

Must ge, your selves, O Parce, women prove  
In that, the greeneſt of our fruities, ye lone?  
Fruites! which nad crop, had thriu'd into a Tree  
Of a large branching Geneologie!

## Elegies.

Ye might have seaz'd some puling wiſleſſe Heire,  
And made a younger Brother; 't had beene faire;  
And we had Praise, and kiſt thofe bloody palmes,  
which in the killing this gave to'cher Almes.  
But you will no ſuch ſported ſacrifice,  
Such please not yet, for ſuch are in your eyes  
Are neither good for earth, nor yet for Heaven:  
Stafford muſt onely make your weeke-Bill even;  
He's good, and therefore ripe: thus ſtill we finde  
That good wares firſt goe off, bad ſtay behinde.

Will. Wallen. Coll. Joan. Soc.

## Vpon the Death of the young Lord STAFFORD.

**V**Nequall nature that doſt load, not paire  
Bodies with ſoules, too great for them to beare!  
As ſome put extracts, (that for ſoules may paſſe,  
Still quickning where they are) in fraile glaffe;  
Whose active gen'rous ſpirits ſcorne to live  
By ſuch weake meaneſ, and ſlight paſte-riarie;  
So high-borne mindes, whose dawning's like the day  
In torrid climes, cast forth a full noone-ray,  
Whose vigorous breſts inherit, throned in one  
A race of ſoules, by long ſucceſſion;  
And riſe in their deſcenes; in whom we ſee  
Entirely ſummi'd a new borne Anceſtry:  
These ſoules of fire, whose eager thoughts alone  
Create a feaver, or conſumption,

Ort

## Elegies.

Orecharge their bodyes : lab'ring in the strife  
To serve so quicke and more then mortall life :  
Where every contemplation doth oppresse  
Like fits o'th Calenture, and kils no lesse :  
Goodnesse hath its extremes, as well as sin,  
And brings, as vice, death, and diseases in ;  
This was thy fate, great Staffords ; thy feircespeed  
T' oulve thy yeares : to throng in every deed  
A masse of vertues ; hence thy minutes swell  
Not to a long life, but long Chronicle :  
Great name (for that alone is left to be  
Call'd great ; and't is no small Nobilitie  
To leave a name) when we deplore the fall  
Of thy brave stem, and in thee of them all ;  
Who dost this glory to thy race dispence,  
(Now knowne to Honour) i' end with Innocence.  
Me thinkes I see a sparke from thy dead eye  
Cast beames on thy deceast Nobility :  
Witness those marble heads, whom Westminster  
Adores ; (perhaps without a nose or care)  
Arenow twice raised from the dust and seeme  
New sculp't againe, when thou art plac't by them ;  
When thou, the last of that brave house deceast,  
Hadst none to cry (our Brother) but the Priest :  
And this true riddle, is to ages sent  
Stafford is his Fore-father's Monument.

Richard Godfrey.

R

On

## Elegies.

### On the untimely Death of the Lord S T A F F O R D.

**N**ot to adorne his herse, or give  
Him another age to live,  
Need we to pretend at wit,  
His worth hath intercep'ted it:  
Whose every vertue doth require  
A Muse that onely can admire.  
Death, though he strove, his utmost fear'd,  
He could not take him unprepar'd.  
He had riperesse in his Infancy,  
And liv'd well in Epitomie.  
Of what we hop'd in others, be  
At th' same age had maturity.  
But he is dead: we may ourdare  
Death now, as having nought to feare:  
The world hath lost her chiefest blisse,  
Heaven the onely gainer is.  
One blow hath kill'd more then the plague; and we  
In losing one, have lost plurality.  
A sense might have beeene better spar'd, your price  
We would have thought too but a sacrifice,  
Such as was Isaacks Ram, that sav'd in one  
Inst Patriarch, a generation.  
One star we may see shooe, without agrone,  
But should we lose a constellation,

*\*Twould*

## Elegies.

'Twould puzzle Astrologie, nay almost  
By losynge one, your science would be lost.  
Fate's wisdome see, that he might leave our caſt  
In rellish, he cut off your choyceſt laſt.

H. B.

### Vpon the Death of my Lord STAFFORD, the last Baron of that Ancient Stocke.

**G**riefe not ye Sacred Ancestours of Fame,  
As if this were the caraffe of your Name:  
The Barke now flourishes: we may presume  
He's planted, and not buryed in the Tombe:  
Your famous branches by his fall are blowne:  
His fare becomes your Resurrection.  
Good deeds were all his Progeny; whilſt he  
Leaves them no other ſtate, but memory:  
The Titles, and Revenues let them hoord  
That doe delights to heare these words, My Lord.  
In Stafford I confeffe they bore ſome weight,  
Cause they ſpoke him, as well as ihis eſtate:  
It was his Name, not Title: and that none  
Made him not famous, onely better knowne.  
Deserts well plac'd ſhine more: It is a tie,  
And reverence to Virtue to be high:  
Should the Sunne falling to the earib fixe here,  
Hee'd ſuffer an eclipse from his owne ſphere.

## Elegies.

Sure to prevente that old and glorious iich,  
He dy'd before the age of being Rich:  
No Landswis ever he posses'd of, save  
That small unhappy portion of a grace.  
Death did deliver him, we may be bold  
To stile it his redempcion from Gold:  
Wealh is a sinne, though us'd, and to be free,  
Yet never want, is but kind usury.  
Hewis so witty, yet sincere, that we  
Dare say he meant ev'n an Hyperbole:  
He could not flatter: what he spake was knowne  
No complement, but an expreſſion.  
Postures in him were Vertues, for when he  
Did bend, it was not pride but charitie:  
His hat went off so honeſtly, we may  
Affirme he onely did himſelfe betray:  
Not like to thoſe that ſtudy the Courſtride,  
And learne the decent ſtich on the left ſide:  
He nothing to the ſtreame o'th' Time did owe,  
The Staffords manners from themſelves ſtill flow.  
We muſt deſpaire thy equall, unleſſe he  
Could with thy Titles too inherit thee.

H. R.

On

Elegies.

On the Death of the Right Honorable Edward Lord Stafford.

VVhen brave Heroick spirits flie from hence,  
That govern'd others by their influence,  
Each Muse with Cypresse crownd instead of Bayes,  
Makes them the subject of iheir teares, and prayes,  
Who were examples living ; being dead  
With living Monuments are honoured :  
When other's course earth doth neglected lye  
That liv'd, as if they onely liv'd to die,  
But with what Marble, or what Brasse shall we  
Honour the Noble Staffords memory ;  
Whose very Name inscrib'd would lustre give  
Enough to make those dead materials live ?  
The glorious minde dwelt in his Noble brest,  
Did entertaine each Virtue for its guest,  
And what soe're was opposite and foule,  
For ever banish't from his Christall soule.  
He was as good, as great ; and caught the Time  
By what safe steps men might to Honour climbe.  
Yet venitrous death with his impartiall Darts  
Hath disunited those his different parts.  
Whilst th' earth doth his more richer earth containe,  
What came from Heaven is ihiher flowne againe.

E. B. Medii Templi.

R 3

On

## Elegies.



### On the deplored Death of Edward Lord Stafford, the last Baron of his Name.

**S**TAY Death, and heare a shott pleas, we would  
Onely the mercy of a single grave ; (crave  
And that at one stroke, thou wouldest kill but one,  
In him thou slayst a generation :  
Then ere thou strikst, Death, know thy sin ; for this  
Not a plaine Murder, but Massacre is :

Compendious slaughter of a Family,  
what yet unknowne Plague shall we title thee ?  
what Power art thou, what strange Influence,  
That thus usurpst the spleene of Pestilence ?  
Can the Grave propagate, that there should be  
As yet a new kinde of mortality ?  
Sure I mistake our misery ; this was not  
That which we call disease, but a Chaine-shot ;  
Death hath foregone his Archery, and Dart  
And practises the Canon ; that dire Art  
Of murdering by the hundreds : Thus alone  
We lose not Stafford, but a Legion :

Take a friends counsell yet, grim fate ; and stay,  
Doe not bereave thy selfe of future prey ;  
Let him survivre to a large Progenie,  
which will be but a number, that must dye.

Visit

## Elegies.

Visit some Friery, where thy wrath expresse;  
There, where Religion is barrenesse;  
That were a thrifte cruelty, and to save  
This Youthli were mercy, would enrich thy grave.

Cheate not our hopes thus, riddling Destiny,  
When we did pray, Stafford might multiply  
As numberlesse as are the sands, there's none  
Meant such a fatall propagation,  
His owne dust for an Offspring, our best prayers  
Forbid such sad increase, Atomes for Heires!

Howere be not so speedy, gods, but give  
Him breath, till he has taught us how to live:  
Must we thus wholly lose him, and such worth,  
Ere in Example he can bring it forth?  
And must it be his period? cannot we  
Expresse a man beyond his Elegie,  
And Epitaph? can we pen History?  
What if long-liv'd, this little one would be:  
Where is your Art Genethliakes? who dare  
From the Brachygraphy of some Prophet starre,  
Transcribe the life of every birth, if Fate  
And your great skill be such, Death comes too late  
To preudice your knowledge, and you can,  
When he has seiz'd the Corps, reprise the Man,  
And pen him a long-liv'd Example, though  
He had beene borne a livelesse Embryo:  
I pray, goe calculate, and tell us then  
What Stafford in his ripe yeares would have been;  
Describe him at some Canon-guarded Hill  
Leading his daunted Generall, and we will  
Lessen our present despaire into feare  
And tremble, lest our Stafford should fall there:

Then

## Elegies.

Then prosecute your story, till his yeares  
Lift him among the graver headed Peeres;  
And in the bustle of some scard-state-tent,  
Let's heare him tutoring a Parliament:

Alas! such thoughts but aggravate our crosse,  
Instead of comfort, summing up our losse:  
Cease then all prattle; with the Grave and Herse  
Silence suites better, then the saddest Verse.

Ri. Paynter, Ioan. Ox.

## To the Memory of the Right Honorable the Lord STAFFORD, the last Baron of his Family.

Great soule of Stafford,

T<sub>W</sub>as not for want of Merit, that thy Herse  
So long hath lack'd it's tribuary Verse.  
Things, whose fraile mem'ry scarce ouilives the time  
Their Elegies a reading, may have a Rime  
In halfe an houre flung on them. Earthen plate  
'S fram'd at a turne, when the rich Porcelane's  
Is a full Age. Raptures that doe besit  
(date  
Objects of wonder, are the fruities of Wit  
And choice, not Fury. This kept Phæbus Quire  
Silent so long, that nought but ballow'd fire,  
And purest gums might crowne thine Vrne; yet still  
They find thy Worth beyond their power and skill.  
For who in meanest lines thy life shoud write,  
Would by Posterity be guesst to endise.

Some

## Elegies.

Some Romance or vaine legend. To th' dim fight!  
The weakest Tapers yeeld the welcom' st light.

He was (vaine voyce!) the noble Staffords heire  
His Mothers comely graces hung on's faire,  
Yet manly cheeke; the Younger-brothers heart  
And wit to boote, nay each Heroicke part  
Of Buckingham dwelt in him: so that he  
Alone might justly be a Familie.

So have I seene grow upon one small Tree  
More various fruits, than in some Orchards be.

No dying Hermit meeker, though a Lord,  
And under age too: Vertuous though a Ward.  
No Dyall plac'd ith' crosse Meridian,  
Whose shade runnes still irregular toth' Sunne  
That shoulde it guide: He Nobly bore that state  
Of Ward, as if Nature had gav't, not Fate.  
Like to our forraigne Tulips, which each yeare,  
As more mature in growth, new liveries weare,  
Yet are th' same flower: so as he elder grew,  
Stafford was still unchang'd, though's carriage  
The fashion he scarce follow'd nere outrun, (new  
Striving to lose himselfe, and Nation.

If he toth' Friers came, his judgement swift  
As Lightning, could each line, each Humour sift;  
And his discerning Palate straight could tast  
Beaumont, and Johnsons wheate, from scraps &  
But this was Play. The royall Academe (maste.  
His best hures challeng'd, where his noble theme  
Was his great Fathers Valour, though his Face  
Had not yet lost his Mothers beauteous grace.

So that from him being armd, the limmer might  
Exactly draw Venus, as she in bright

Elegies.

Steele came to Lacedemon; or th' brave Maide  
Ioves daughter, as she came t' her Fathers ayd.  
Death will he prend of's dart, when he shall finde  
'T hath slaine two Families, in Blood, & Mind,  
Nay wil more triumph that h' hath slaine but one  
Than if by th' Plague or Sword a Million;  
Those could but last an Age; in Stafford he  
Hath kild Successive Immortalitie.

Now for his Epitaph, let onely be  
Fix'd on his Tombe his Royall Pedigree. (Page

This, like some well writ Booke, whose every  
Containes rich wit, and matter for an age,  
When th' reader with thi treasury growes brisk  
For Finis, meetes with a sad Asteriske:  
Or like some stately Pallace, which halfe lyes  
Unfinis'b'd, whose proud top shold scale the skies,  
Will more with pitty the beholder move,  
Then, if compleat, with wonder, or with love.

Perhaps some gentler Lady, reading this  
Three ages hence, may mourne Her loss of blisse,  
In Staffords suddaine fall: Had not his life  
Bin short, she might have bin a Staffords Wife.

Will. Creede, of S.  
Iohns. Oxf.

## Elegies.

Memoriae Sacrum  
Nobilissimi Dom. Domini Edwardi Stafforū.  
**EDWARDVS**  
**NOBILISSIMUS STAFFORDIÆ**  
**DOMINUS.**

Denatas nunquam satis plorabitur,  
Qui nunquam satis hilariter excipi poterat natum.  
In Quo magna Staffordiae gens stetit, cecidit;  
Columna sue Dominus, simul erat & Terminus.  
Solutus; & numerosa Prosa pia!  
Unicus; & magna Familia!  
Exadissima Herois Buckinghamii Epitome:  
Gemmula mole per exigua, infiniti penè valoris;  
Mundus Major in Spishamam contractus,  
Mirabilis & Magnus.  
Quem dilexerunt omnes, qui norunt,  
Plorarunt omnes, etiam qui non norunt.  
Comitatis anima;  
Nobilitatis Idea;  
Virtutis universæ Virtus ipsa.  
Etate qui vix Ascanius, prudentiâ plusquā Aeneas:  
Apollo intonsus, & Musarum Deus.  
Cui corpus elegantius, quam Fæminarum,  
Incoluit animus major, quam virorum.  
Quem in armis diceret absq; lauagine Gradivum,  
Nec adhuc in Numen adultum:  
Hunc, galeâ depositâ, Adonidem Diones osculis rubentem  
Converius Cupidinem ex ephebis elapsum.

## Elegies.

Steele came to Lacedemon; or th' brave Maide  
Ioves daughter, as she came t' her Fathers ayd.  
Death will he prond of's dart, when he shall finde  
'T hath slaine two Families, in Blood, & Mind,  
Nay wil more triumph that h' hath slaine but one  
Than if by th' Plague or Sword a Million;  
Those could but last an Age; in Stafford he  
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Containes rich wit, and matter for an age,  
Whenth' reader with this treasury growes brisk  
For Finis, meetes with a sad Asteriske:  
Or like some stately Pallace, which halfe lyes  
Unfinisb'd, whose proud top shoule scale the skies,  
Will more with pitty the beholder move,  
Then, if compleat, with wonder, or with love.

Perhaps some gentler Lady, reading this  
Three ages hence, may mourne Her losse of blisse,  
In Staffords suddaine fall: Had not his life  
Bin short, she might have bin a Staffords Wife.

Will. Creede, of S.  
Iohns. Oxf.

## Elegies.

Memoriæ Sacrum  
Nobilissimi Dom. Domini Edwardi Stafford.  
**EDWARDVS**  
**NOBILISSIMUS STAFFORDIÆ**  
**DOMINUS.**

DEstas nunquam satis plorabitur,  
Qui nunquam satis hilariter excipi poterat natum.  
In Quo magna Staffordiæ gens stetit, cecidit;  
Columnæ sue Dominus, simul erat & Terminus.  
Solutus; & numerosa Prospicio!  
Unicus; & magna Familia!  
Excellissima Herois Buckinghamii Epitome:  
Gemmula mole per exigua, infinitè pene valoris;  
Mundus Major in Spisbamam contractus,  
Microcosmū Adagnus.  
Quem dixerunt omnes, qui norunt,  
Plorârunt omnes, etiam qui non norunt.  
Comitatis anima;  
Nobilitatis Idea;  
Virtutis universæ Virtus ipsa.  
Etate qui vix Ascanius, prudentiâ plusquā Aeneas:  
Apollo intonsus, & Musarum Deus.  
Cui corpus elegantius, quam Fæminarum,  
Incolit animus major, quam virorum.  
Quem in armis dices absg, lantagine Gradivum,  
Nec adhuc in Numen adulsum:  
Hunc, galeâ depositâ, Adomidem Diones osculis rubentem  
Cen verius Cupidinem ex ephebis clapsum.

## Elegies.

Quē equitātē, Alexandrū Bucephalo insidētē crederes  
Aut Centaurum in Lapitharum prælia ruerentem,  
Sonipes ipse tam grato pondere superbiebat,  
Gestiens a tanto dirigi.

Exteras hauisit linguis, non quæsi nostra sordeceret  
Sed ne ullū exactissimo Cugiali decesser complemē-

Latinam p̄enē habuit vernaculam : (rum.

Heroicam Græci Sermonis majestatem,  
Non ex ignorantia sed asumine judicis admirabatur,  
Musicam didicit, ne tempus, cum ludo vacaret, porde-

Qui tamen ex Oppiduli ruinis (ret  
Altam posset Ur̄vem extruere.

Ubi in numerum egressus efformabat,  
Et Persicum talaria commodaſe crederes;  
In choro volanti semper similior, quam pulsant terram  
Vestalibus ipsis castior; at hoc ex virtute natum,  
Non corporis intemperie.

Quem tamen adeo castum vixisse lugemus,  
Nec Patrē fuisse (quod in aliis detestamur) quindecem  
(jam annos natus;

Tunc alii Staffordiæ gentis heredes superfluisserent,  
Quam Vester pullata, & luctuosum funus.

At ò preposta rerum humanarum vices!

Qui in perpetuū vivere meruit, immaturus occubuit,  
Maternæ prius heres Telluris, quam Paternæ.

Disce lector.

Familia & tituli, aquæ ac homines, suos habent occasus.

Gai. Crede, Joan.

On

## Elegies.



On the Lord STAFFORD, the  
last Baron of his Race, who dyed in  
his None-age.

YOur Country Hindes if you have seene.  
When they have a Lopping beeue,  
They take not bere a Branch or there,  
But leave the naked Backe so bare,  
Is cannot be term'd Plant, but we  
Must call't the Carcasse of a Tree:  
Which they (beleeving nought their owne,  
But what within their Pale is throwne)  
Have so dismembred, for no good  
But to encrease their Stack of Wood.  
Yet even these leave one sprout there  
Expecting Company next Yeare,  
Where if so chance is be not found  
They lose their right to the whole ground.  
What hast thou forfeited, Death, now  
That hast not left a Topping Bough  
On such a glorious stocke? not spar'd  
The tender sprigge, but further dar'd  
Going beyond dire Sicknesse spight  
Not for to bend, but breake it quite:  
What Plot is now in hand? Do's Fate  
Meane to bring in Confusion freight?  
How shall a Stately shady Tree,  
From Trunk or Mast distinguisht bee,

## Elegies.

If this be suffer'd : shall the source  
Of Noble blood be stopt its course  
Or chill'd ? and shall the Pedant Veine  
Through all the Body flash amaine ?  
Therefore Death (since you cannot be  
Exempted from all Penalty,  
When thou shalt dare Trespass so high  
Not in mistake , but cruelty )  
Your Dairt is forfeite, and must cease,  
The Darter being bound to th' Peace,  
And so disarm'd by Natures Will,  
If you must needs yet Wound or Kill,  
You must your presence use, or fight ;  
All weapons are debarr'd you quise ;  
For let Time accursed be  
If he shall lend his Sithe to Thee.  
And all this Nature does enact,  
Not for one pesty Crime, or fact.  
Her Law does not thee guilty call  
Of treason, murder, but of All.  
That which last yeare you did commit,  
And we not know to name it yet ;  
Prometheus once presumed so  
To steale from Heav'n a flame or two,  
Where now he feelest Ioves angers edge  
In Hell, and rues his Sacrilege :  
How many Vultures had love sent,  
If he had stolne the Element ?  
Put out a Starre or Two, or more  
And make them give their winking o're,  
You doe no hurt, there's more to shine :  
Which else perhaps had not bee ne feone :

Or

## Elegies.

Or if we take them All away,  
We shall be blam'd no more than day.  
But if we put out the Sunnes light,  
We may bid the whole World Good-Night:  
Not merely cause it is the Sunne,  
But chiefly cause it was but One:  
For had we Two, who could repine  
Though One did set, so One did shine?  
Thus stands it with thee death, and us  
That hast affronted the state thus:  
Could not one House suffice, nay Towne  
But must you pull our None-such downe?  
Could your transcendent Envie ay me  
Not at the Person, but the Name?  
Must Stafford dye? True! States-men say  
That even Kingdomes have their day.  
Nor dare I avouch they erre,  
A Kingdome's a Particular:  
A Name's Eternall, and a Race  
Is bound to neither Tyme nor Place.  
Now therefore thinke what thou hast done:  
And burst thou foolish Sceleton:  
Sithence we shall beleeve your spite,  
Not your Power, infinite:  
For though here lyes the Corps of Stafford dead  
His Name and Epitaph can't be Buried.

Io. Goad. Ioan. Ox.

## Elegies.



### On the much lamented death of the Lord STAFFORD.

A Name too great for numbers, fit for those  
Let loose their eyes, and weepe as 'twere in  
And yet a heame too vast for eyes & here (prose  
The greatest thing lamented is the Teare.  
And when we have sate up to hang the Herse,  
We can't bethougt to weep our Lord but verse,  
So great that we but tolde his flame, and chime  
His gloryes growing, Sextons but in Ryme,  
Who when he is deliver'd best will beare  
A fame like maderne faces blotted faire,  
Whom we conceale in phrase, so vast a Taske  
We write him to a beauty in a maske.  
Though he might blow a quil to overs, whil'st men  
Envie to see the Poet in the Pen :  
For who can thinke in prose a man so cleere  
His thoughts did suffer sight, and soule appearee  
That he that searcht his hearty words might find  
That breath was th' exhalation of his mind,  
Such faith his tongue did weare, you might have  
He spoke his brest, & only thought alowd, (now'd  
You might his meaning through his blood have  
Too pure deform'd dissembling to hide, (spyde,  
As to his Virgin soule, Nature had drawne  
In so refined flesh a Vayle of Lawne.

## Elegies.

So was he borne, cut up, that now we cou'd  
Learne vertues from the Doctrine of his bloud,  
which we might see preach Valour, and espye  
His veine, to make an Auditor of the Eye,  
And runne conclusions, for from hence we try'd  
which was a flood of valour, which just Tyde,  
Learning from his wise beat, that in an ill  
A spirit might couragiouly sit still  
That one might dare be quiet, and afford  
To thinke all mettall lyes not in the sword,  
And Cutlers make no mindes, Armour no doubt  
Does well, but none can be inspir'd without,  
So did her chide the Flame oth' wilder youth  
That fights for Ladys bayre or lesse, their trath;  
His blood discreetly boyld did make it cleere  
It is the minde makes old, and not the yeere:  
That we may prompte his stome to say---lyes here  
Stafford the Aged at his foure-teenth yeere?

To. Howe.

---

Sacred to the Memory of the Right  
Honourable, the Lord S T A F F O R D  
being the last Baron of his Name.

T 'Is high Presumption in us, that are  
The feete, so almost excrement, to dare  
Turne eyes and weepe a puddle rivulet  
Over thy herse, which Nobles have beset

T

with

## Elegies.

With pearly drops, that all may cleerely see,  
Thou wast the jewell of Nobility:  
We cannot hope that our distracted cryes (nies  
Will please, amongst their well-tun'd harmo-  
Our Elegies nor weepe, but are to be  
Wept at, and want themselves an Elegie.  
Yet frowne not on our verse, and teares of jet:  
(Ah never any sorrow truer let)  
Who can but slice his heart throughout his eyes,  
When Youth, Nobility, Hope, Stafford dyess?  
I summe not up thy beauty, comeliness,  
Nor thousand graces, which thy soule did blesse,  
For, like to gamesters whom their lucks have  
We feare to know the utmost we have lost. (croft  
Thou didst not by Example, States false glasse  
Dresse thy behaviour, and thy life's face:  
Nor wast sufficient ground, that thou shouldest do  
This vice, because Lord such a one did so:  
Thy eyes, when once had but a point let in  
Of lust, the other spying the little sinne,  
Would send a visive ray, as messenger,  
To tell, that if it would not drop a teare, (dwell;  
And quench that sparke, he would not his mate  
Then wept the sinfull eye, and all was well.  
Thus each part, just as in Philosophie,  
Would Rule, and Maxime to the other be.  
O what disease, then shall we wish may meeze  
With that disease, which took away this sweete?  
That envious disease, and which out-vies  
Even the Pestilence in cruelties: (thril'd  
For that, mongst hundreds, true, its poysion  
But they were troope, and so ill humour spil'd.  
We

## Elegies.

We teem'd too fast, and too much issue had  
That let us blood, as rules of Physick had:  
But this gnawes our land's heart, Nobilitie,  
And is more cruell in Epitomie.

By making us in this one Staffords fall,  
To celebrate the execuquies of all.

Why wouldest thou yeeld so soone to death? alas!  
Thou hast too speedly finish't thy race: (head,  
Thou ought' st not, pretty flowre, have hung thy  
Till thou wast ripe, and blown, hadst scattered  
Some scedes about thy bed: where in a shade  
Thou might' st have slept by thy sonne-flowers  
When with strong bulwork of posterity (made:  
T' hadst fortify'd, thy decay'd Ancestry,  
Built up thy rain'd house, allay'd our feares,  
And wert four-score as wel in sons, as yeares,  
Or then, and not til then, thou shouldest have tri'd  
Whether our tender love wold let thee' ave di'd.

Tho. Snelling. of  
S. Johns Oxf.

### On the memory of the late Lord STAFFORD.

(dry  
**H**adst thou stood firme, our eyes had yet bin  
Not in their vrnes, but in thy brest did lye  
All thy stockes honour. Memphis never knew  
Amongst her wonders Pyramyd like you,  
Stately how ere great families they shroud  
And scepter'd lines, yet farre beneath a cloud.

## Elegies.

I thou in few yeares couldst such a height attaine  
Or look'd the hills, and peer'd above the raine:  
Our teares are too too low, and watry eyes  
Doe leese themselves in search of such a rise.  
The losse was ours, thy Pyramid did grow  
Still broad nigh heaven, decreas'd to us below.  
The Vertues built thee, and the graces came,  
And with all sweetnesse polished thy frame,  
Honour, thy Mistresse, there with glorious hand  
Full often made her splendid imprese stand,  
For she lov'd Stafford, each adoring eye  
In thee insculpt read all nobility.  
So wert thou to the world by heaven lent,  
The life of new; old vertues monument.  
Thy soule was large and able to containe,  
More than the worthes of many ages gaine,  
The Vertues of thy Ancestors all knit  
Could not it fill, were proud to enter it.  
And thou increas'dst that happie stock so well  
As who will reckon, all the starres may tell  
Of heaven, which hath it, and us rob'd in spite,  
Or feare that they shoulde lesse infinites:  
And man no more looke up, since stars shone dim,  
To vertues light, and heaven was nigh in him,  
Thy vertues growth hath our endeavours chid,  
Weele raise no Pile to thee, great Pyramid.

B. Olivier.

On

## Elegies.

### On the death of the Lord STAFFORD.

If from thy sacred Ashes did arise  
Another Phoenix, breathing spiceries,  
Such as thy blossomes did (since funerall fire  
Refined in full age thine Honour'd Sire )  
In whom you both might seeme againe t'returne,  
Our grieves had all beeene buried in thy Urne.  
Nor vexe the quiet Muses for a Verse  
To be thy Off-spring, or adorne thy Herse;  
Who leav'st Succession unto none of thine,  
And but in such, liv'st in no other Line.  
But now her selfe Nature begins to feare,  
And startles to behold now here, now there  
A family extinxt, which though she strive  
With all her Art and strength to keepe alive  
It vanisheth (Great Stafford, thou shalt be  
To Nature a sad instance and to me)  
Lest by Inductions she her selfe might be  
Concluded in short time Vacuitie.  
When the whole Fabricks into nothing hurld,  
And the great fadeth as the lesser world.  
Pillars of flesh, not stones and Imagrie  
Preserue the dead in Living Memory.  
The blossom cropt, before 't is growne to a Peare,  
Is no more worth, than if t had ne're beeene there  
Which grown might from its kernels have begun  
In other groundas a new Plantation.

## Elegies.

I be poore mans Only lamb, should have bin spar'd  
It was his Onely One; 's there no regard  
Of One, and Onely One? This One may grow  
In time into a number, Whence may flow  
Succeeding Millions; This One being lost  
The hopes of all futurity are crost.

Happy who first by his Victorious hand  
Won honour to his house: whose Name did stand  
In the first front, and after liv'd to see  
His sonnes continue his Nobilitie,  
But he who ends his Honour and his Name,  
In his sweete youth and early hopes (when fame  
Is scarce upon the wing to tell the Earth  
His Ancestors, his Honours, and his birth)  
Dies, leaving teares his onely Legacie,  
Which must be wept and payd from every eye:  
This gives our teares new birth, nor doth con-  
Our sad Laments onely into one Act (tract  
Such as was thy appearance; form'd of clay  
Array'd with, and bereft of Honour in a day.  
But will when ere we turne the booke of Fame  
Create new grieve, when we shal read thy Name  
With this unhappy mention, He dy'd Young  
And without issue, Here doth end the Line  
Of thi Ancient Staffords Family. Thus Time  
Becomes their Period also, and the End (lend  
Which shoule each action crowne, to thee doth  
A double losse, in whose one death doe dye  
More than thy selfe, Thy Ancient Family.  
Tell me old Time, Chiese Register of Things,  
Who writ'ſt the fates of Commons, and of Kings  
Was not a Tribe once pretious in the Eye

Of

## Elegies.

Of the Almighty, though once doom'd to dye  
And perish all; yet some were left to be  
Preserv'd, and raise up a new Progenie.  
So left no branch of David should be left  
To bud till Shiloh came, Ioash by theft  
Escapes the bloody stroke, onely this One  
Continues Kingdome and succession.  
For one out of a numerous race to die  
We know is common, when the race doth lie  
In One, and that One leaves no one behind  
Besides a fruitlesse name, Nature's sinkind.  
" My owne Creation's but a blisse begun,  
" which is made perfect in succession.

E. Marow.



## On the Death of the most Noble Lord STAFFORD.

I Mpartiall Nature, sham'st thou not that we  
Should ever brand thee thus with cruelty?  
Must all feele the like death? Must virtuous then  
Be subject to corruption, like bad men?  
Thus thou wouldest have it be, but he whose breath  
Thou enviously hast stopt, shall not know death.  
He who by Children thou den'dst should give  
A life to's Name, makes it himselfe to live.  
He was borne Noble, and his life did so  
Answer his birth; but it was hard to know  
which way he was most Noble, which most good  
By his owne vertues, or his Parents blood.

In

## Elegies.

In him liv'd all his Ancestors, his fall  
Proves not his onely, but their funerall.  
He was not his Stocks bare Epitomy,  
Nor was he like but one o' th' Family,  
He did resemble All. What dyed in him  
Was seene againe reviv'd and live in him.  
Life to the dead he gave. And though a son,  
His Fathers Fathers Father was become.  
And now he that was like his friends in all things,  
To be more like 'hem, and as they did, dyed. (cried  
With him fals th' house of th' Staffords, and it is well  
It might have longer stood, noi better fell.

R. Pul.

Sacred to the Memory of the most  
Vertuous Edward Lord Stafford, the last  
Baron of his Illustrious Family.

**S**O is the ancient Rocke that still sent forth  
Jewels of clearer light, and constant worth,  
By ruder hands still pillag'd of ii's store,  
Safe onely when they thought 'twould yeild no more;  
The Sun discov'ring a fresh drop of light  
That might contest with him, and prove as bright  
Doth bid his beames that exudation steale,  
Before the moisture into stone congeale :  
So in the aged Rose tree, whose buds were  
Such that we might affirme th' were stars grew there,  
After it long had yeilded growing Fires,  
Still snatch'd to feede the ravishers desires.

The

## Elegies.

The cold doth kill that bud that last shroo's forth,  
And rob's us of all hopes of afterworib.

Thus here the heat, and there the frost doth more  
Spoile, then the Robbers Fingers did before.

But we can pardon fate, when that the croffe  
Extends it selfe unto no greater losse

Then of a Gem, or Flowre : But when that hand  
Shall snatch such living Jewels, let me stand  
Senselesse, and stupid as that Rocke, and be  
Wretched, and fruitlesse as that wither'd tree.

Fancy a morne that promis'd all delight  
Day ere afforded, yet unto the sight  
Clouded by suddaine darkenesse, whiles the houres  
Were busie yet to dresse it with fresh flowres ;  
And you have fanci'd expectation Croft,  
But not like that of him we now haue lost.

Fancy a sparke that Time would soone haue blowne  
Into a shrong of flames, that would haue growne  
Vnio the pitch of lustre, as it bore  
The Pyramid higher, and fill'd more, and more,  
Dash't by a suddaine, violent showre, and then  
Know you are short of this as sparkes of men.

Winnesse thou Deity of my pensive Muse,  
His Sacred soule, that I no Art doe use  
To raise a noted griefe from fancy'd losse,  
Making the teares when I haue made the croffe !

Alas ! the causes are too just. For where  
Hath Knowledge any glories, that his cleare  
Mind did not reach at ? Where hath Action ought  
Of Fame, and worth that he would not haue sought ?  
No Flowre in all that Garden, or in this  
That would not haue been proud to bestill'd his ?

## Elegies.

Bays most retir'd from Light, and Sun had beeene  
By his search found, and by his shewing scene.  
For where as others i binke high birth, and blood  
Vertues entailld, and all i ha' s well borne good,  
Though he might boast in this an ample share  
(As the world knowes, Vertue and this Lord were  
As undivided still as Light and Heate,  
That the Iuberent Dowry, he the seare)  
Yet he nere would his Birib to Vertue swell,  
But thought it onely might set Vertue well:  
Made it the Ouch, not Jewell, and from thence  
Did raise new Tules of preheminence,  
Thus each day added to him, and we may  
Say, if we view his mind, he did die gray.

Nor let me suffer misbelieve, because  
You knew him yet not man by Time, and Lames:  
Soules such as his sore, and produce high things,  
When others have as yet scarce hope of wings.  
His Genius did rich glories therabeger  
And shew, when lower could not Bud as yet.  
Thus Regions neare the Sun doe Fieldis afford,  
Throng'd with the choysest Flowres, and richly stor'd  
When ihe remoter places sleepe, and shew  
Onely a garment of benumming Snow.

When I consider all this snatcht, I must  
Wish that my teares could animate his dust.  
But being we can't call backe lost good, nor blisse  
Our selves with him reviv'd, I here professe  
My brest his Marble, and dothence became  
Both the bewailer of him, and the Tombe.

Anthony Stafford.  
FINIS.

